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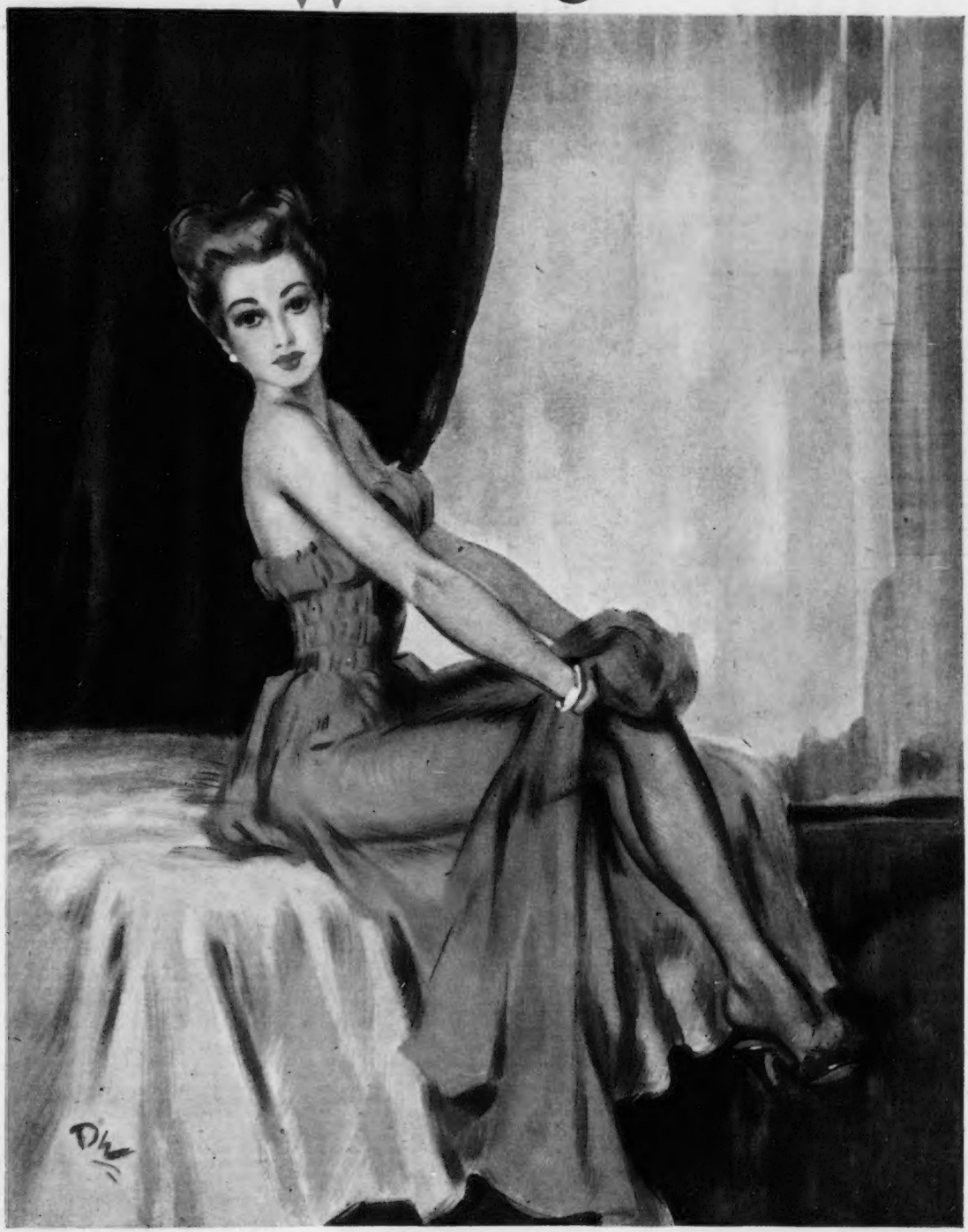

Beauty on Parade

A SERIES of PAINTINGS by DAVID WRIGHT

Keeping Up with the ROYAL JONESES

By Charles Goddard

Sir Arthur Hope Soon Realized That on His Income as Governor of Madras He Couldn't Afford to Give a Penny to the Beggars at the Gates of His Palace.

ENGLISHMEN can hardly believe that Sir Arthur Oswald Hope—of all people—is broke.

Wasn't he Lord of the King's Treasury and Treasurer of the King's Household for four years. And didn't he handle the Royal pocketbook so thriftily that he was appointed Governor of Madras, at $40,000 a year?

But he's broke, right enough, because London's Bankruptcy Court recently found that Sir Arthur has only a handful of "very uncertain assets" with which to meet more than half a million dollars' worth of debts.

Sir Arthur received not a penny of salary as holder of the royal purse-strings, yet, strangely enough, those four years of payless paydays were not the cause of his financial downfall. It was his reward, a $40,000-a-year job in India, that ruined him.

As Lord of the Treasury, Sir Arthur had to be faultlessly dressed, as befitted a member of His Majesty's household, but he already was in possession of the purple wardrobe.

Though not yet Sir, he was Captain, the Honourable Arthur, from serving 15 years as a Member of Parliament and in the King's Guards, and he was the son and heir of Lord Rankeillour.

Though His Lordship was not notably wealthy, he wasn't ranked among England's penniless nobility. The family estate, Heron's Ghyll, at Sussex, yields a substantial income. And what may be bad news to Sir Arthur's creditors, it is incorporated under laws designed to prevent estates from being frittered away on wine, women and song—or creditors. Though not obliged by law to give his son anything, Lord Rankeillour had transferred 49 per cent of the estate's stock to him.

The dividends from Heron's Ghyll made it possible for the nobleman to live within his salary of nothing per eight-hour day and nothing-and-a-half for overtime, feeding and clothing himself and paying dues to his fashionable clubs.

As Lord of the King's Treasury he had nothing to do with the British National Treasury, only of "looking after the King's public expenditures." He was a watchdog of the treasury whose signature was required on every check but, since all such expenditures were decided by high dignitaries, he had no power to stop any of them, merely to protest. He was a dog who might bark tactfully but not bite. He held this job two years.

In 1937 the Captain was made Treasurer of the King's Household, equally payless and biteless, but a promotion because he supervised the running of Buckingham Palace which brought him closer to the Royal Family.

At the end of his second two years he was entitled to an honorable discharge and a reward for faithful—and payless—service.

First came knighthood, a non-negotiable title and therefore cashless, together with the real bonus—appointment to the governorship of Madras, India. This job paid $40,000 a year, more than half the salary of the President of the United States, and a palace, huge expense accounts and various perquisites thrown in.

It looked like easy money and might have been but for one thing, the cardinal rule of all true Britishers. Sir Arthur's aged father put it in five words when he said good-by: "Do what's expected of you."

When the new Governor reached his capital, the City of Madras, it seemed as if its entire population of 650,000 had turned out to greet him, with such happy, expectant faces that he felt a chill of premonition. These welcomers expected a lot—would it be more than he could deliver? One thing he knew, that he would live up to their expectations if it killed him; and kill him it did, financially and almost so, physically.

The answer to his question was not long in coming. The new Governor learned that previous incumbents had been among the most lavish entertainers in all India, not only with banquets and gymkhanas at the palace but public feasts, parades and generous contributions to "the bottomless pit of charity." Each Governor had surpassed his predecessor and Sir Arthur was expected to top them all.

The men who built up this tradition had found salary and expense accounts a drop in the bucket of their extravagance but, being personages of vast wealth, they made up the difference out of their private purses.

Sir Arthur's "purse" was so flat that he dared not mention it even to his financial secretary, "who had wealthy ways." It was impossible for a man in his circumstances to carry on; yet from the days of the Spanish Armada, England had carved and held her empire because Englishmen did the impossible.

Yes, even the Armada had been defeated on a "shoestring." With curious niggardliness, for her ruffled neck depended on the outcome, Queen Elizabeth sent her admirals out with just enough powder and shot for one full-dress battle. The victory was decisive but had the remnants of the Spanish fleet sought a second engagement, they would have found a foe without ammunition. Fortunately, they did not try and an unseasonable storm finished the task.

So Sir Arthur set his bulldog jaw to achieve the impossible on a $40,000 shoestring. One temporary asset he did have: credit, due to the financial soundness of the multimillionaires who had previously occupied the Governor's throne. He was able to borrow from wealthy friends, banks and other financial institutions, even Lloyds of London, to keep up the hollow show, until about a year ago when, at the end of his tether, he resigned, ruined financially and physically, at the age of 50.

By that time England was giving up India and he had maintained the prestige of British Raj, in his portion, to the bitter end.

All in vain? Not quite. Too bad about those creditors, but no man can say that proud Lord Rankeillour's son had let his England down.

Brighten winter meals with these delicious

Treats!

by Betty Crocker

LOVE HOT ROLLS? Now you can make tender golden rolls in about an hour and a half! No risk with the new recipe we've developed for you. Bisquick Yeast Rolls are made practically like Bisquick biscuits, except that you crumble yeast into the milk.

Crumble and dissolve . . 1 cake compressed yeast in . . . . . ¼ cup lukewarm milk or water (If raw milk used, scald, cool to lukewarm.)

Add . . . . . 1 tbsp. sugar 2⅓ to 2½ cups Bisquick, adding in two additions, beating well after first addition

Mix well. Turn dough over on floured surface to lightly coat with flour. Flour hands and knead gently 40 times. (Notice how easily dough handles.) Shape as desired. Place on ungreased baking sheet. Let rise at 85° until double in bulk . . . 45 min. to 1 hour. (Only *one* rising!) Bake 12 to 15 minutes in mod. hot oven (400°). Serve hot. Makes about 1 dozen rolls.

• • •

MINCEMEAT TEA RING: *Tender, delicious, with fruity mincemeat filling. Grand use for left-over mincemeat. So easy, too!*

Mix and knead basic dough in above recipe. Roll ⅛-in. thick into oblong, 9x18-in. Spread with ½ *cup mincemeat.* Roll tightly beginning at wide side. Seal well by pinching edge of dough into roll.

Transfer, sealed edge down, to lightly greased oblong pan. Join ends to form ring. With scissors make cuts ⅔ of way through ring at 1-in. intervals. Turn each section on its side. Cover and let rise until double in bulk . . . 45 minutes. Bake 15 to 20 minutes in quick moderate oven (375°). Drizzle a little confectioners' sugar icing over top. Compliments fly when you serve this Mincemeat Tea Ring for dessert!

• • •

SO MANY TASTY TREATS with that one package of Bisquick! Biscuits, dumplings, pancakes, meat pie crusts. Directions for ten basic bakings on package. All turn out so tender, good-tasting! No failures with Bisquick. Tested by our General Mills food staff. Do get Bisquick *soon*.

General Mills, Inc.

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Baster

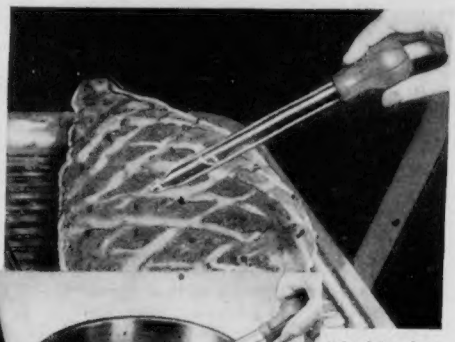
WITH A DOZEN HANDY USES

Yours Only **25¢**

and top from 1 package of Betty Crocker Soups—either Vegetable Noodle or Split Pea.

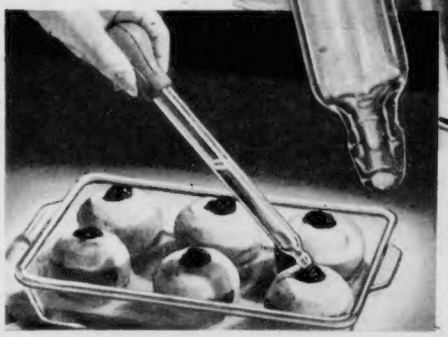
Bastes more easily, quickly, evenly! Less danger of burning fingers. Use baster to apply glazes or barbecue sauce to meats. To draw off fats from roast drippings, soups, gravy. Skim cream from milk. Works like giant eye-dropper. So helpful you'll use it every day!

Baster shown actual size—8¾ inches long. Tube of heat-resistant Pyrex brand glass. Reinforced tip. Sturdy rubber bulb with non-slip ridges.



• Applying glaze to baked ham

• Drawing off fat from soup, drippings



• Basting baked apples

• *So helpful* you'll use this baster every day! So many uses. Saves so much time and bother. This sensational value is possible only because we want you to try the Betty Crocker Soups—so made special arrangements with the manufacturers of this handy food baster.

Try the Betty Crocker Soups! The Vegetable Noodle. It's now meat-flavored! Richer tasting than ever. Delicious, fresh-cooked soup with almost no work. Also try the Split Pea. Hearty old-time green split pea soup in only 5 minutes. Men especially love it. Grand for meatless days. Try both soups. Accept this amazing introductory offer!

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I enclose 25c in coin (not stamps) and 1 pkg. top from the Betty Crocker Soup Ingredients—for which please send me my Handy Food Baster.

My name (print) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

By Jack Stone

HERITAGE OF HATE FOR *Bonnie Joy*

BONNIE JOY BORIN is only six now and there are lots of things that mystify her. But some day she'll be able to understand.

When that day comes, what is she going to think of the way her father and mother have kept right on making deplorable accusations against each other, even after a Chicago jury refused to give either of them a divorce, in the hope that they would solve their marital problems and establish a happy home for Bonnie?

It started before Bonnie was born.

At that time, Nate and Claire Borin had already dragged their uninhibited private lives through the courts for seven long years. Charges and countercharges had earned them the nickname of "The Battling Borins".

The day Bonnie was born, her mother later charged, Nate Borin was entertaining three strange women in his apartment. The day Bonnie was brought home from the hospital, Claire subsequently alleged, Nate walked out on her.

The Borins were married in Agua Caliente, Mexico, in 1933. Things were wrong from the start. Less than six months after the ceremony they decided on a divorce. There was a reconciliation. On their first wedding anniversary, Claire said, Borin failed to come home. She went to her home in California.

Borin, millionaire owner of an art products company, followed her. Claire returned to Chicago and filed suit for separate maintenance. Borin retaliated with a $500,000 alienation of affections suit against Eph Asher, a friend of Claire. He dropped it when she agreed to go back to him.

One night in 1935 Borin again failed to come home. Claire filed suit for divorce, charging he threw ashtrays and dishes at her.

Ten months later the Borins were reconciled again. But the battle went on.

There were fierce forays into court, bitter charges, street fights between Claire's relatives and Borin's relatives, claims of improper conduct, suits for maintenance, for unpaid bills, for so many things that by the time Bonnie was five years old the "Battling Borins" had aired their troubles in court no less than 30 times and had been officially separated five times.

Bonnie had seen, though of course she could not understand, her mother change door locks to keep her father out and her father change locks to bar her mother. She had been an uncomprehending witness to violent quarrels, grown used to unexplained absences, sudden journeys.

What should have been the climax came in November, 1946, when Claire sued for divorce in Chicago and Borin countered with a cross-complaint. He charged his wife with infidelities in Florida and Chicago. She charged him with numerous infidelities.

The testimony for both sides was shocking and voluminous. A finding for either side would have dissolved the marriage. But this was an unusual case. The jury of nine women and three men thought of Bonnie. They thought of the stigma which would filter down to her through the accepted guilt of either parent.

They did what they thought was right, with the evident hope that their decision would correct a distressing situation. They found neither husband nor wife guilty of the charges and the Borin marriage bonds, welded in hate, were stronger than ever.

Bonnie's disturbed life now became more disturbed than ever. Borin immediately sued for her custody. On the eve of the court hearing Claire took her to California.

Borin sought extradition, unsuccessfully. He then announced he would start for the west coast with a retinue of doctors, lawyers, doormen, cab drivers, elevator men—35 in all—who would, he thought, testify Claire was an unfit mother. He could not carry out his plan.

Eight months passed and then, dramatically, Claire returned of her own accord. She called in the press to bear witness that the "Battle of the Borins" was on again. She had brought Bonnie Joy into the Borin Chicago apartment, as she later charged in court, only to discover it was occupied by another woman.

She found, she declared, a complete wardrobe belonging to Miss Pepper Donna, 19-year-old Winthrop, Mass., beauty who was "Miss Miami Beach" and who had made the finals of the 1947 Atlantic City "Miss America Contest."

The first thing she did was to change locks again so that Borin—and Pepper—could not get in. The next was to prepare a new divorce suit naming Pepper, whose real name is Janet Shore, corespondent. Pepper admitted she had been living in the Borin apartment, but said she had not misconducted herself.

"Nate is a wonderful man," she said. "We're good friends. He just let me stay there. Some day I hope to marry him."

Then Pepper filed suit to recover her inaccessible wardrobe.

About that same time Borin picked up Bonnie Joy in front of her mother's home and took her for an auto ride, informing the apartment house elevator man he would return at 7 p. m. He never came back and Mrs. Borin obtained a court order compelling her husband to return the child on October 30.

The day arrived and Borin, flanked by relatives and bodyguards, arrived with Bonnie Joy at the courthouse. Mrs. Borin was there with relatives, too. Harsh words flew and a free-for-all between the Borin factions ensued in the court corridor.

Bonnie Joy was given into temporary care of her mother.

That's the way things stood recently. It was possible that the Borin divorce might go through. As the years roll on perhaps Bonnie Joy can forget her heritage of hate.

Some day, when she is older, Bonnie Joy will be able to understand all the mystifying things that have been going on around her.

But will she ever be able to forget?

Unlike Other Children With a Home Life of Love and Security, One Six-Year-Old Has Known Only the Bitter Feuding of Her Parents

Tearful Bonnie Joy Borin Was the Center of a Free-for-All Fought by Her Mother and Father in the Corridors of a Chicago Court.

Lasting Luck of LUCKY BALDWIN

The Fabulously Rich Anita Baldwin Possessed Her Father's Flair for the Spectacular — Even Going Among the Indians to Learn Their Chants

By Harry H. Morgan

E. J. "LUCKY" BALDWIN, fabulous figure of pioneer California, has been dead nearly 40 years but the luck that legend attached to his name hasn't run out yet.

When his daughter, Anita M. Baldwin, died at 63 in 1939, her estate, inherited from the multimillionaire mining speculator and ranch owner, was appraised at $2,092,758.

A routine accounting by the estate trustees, filed recenty in a Los Angeles court, disclosed that the value of the Baldwin holdings has increased almost one and a half times since the heiress' death.

The figures spread before the court would have pleased the *man* who gambled recklessly in millions *in* the early days of the West. *They* showed an increase of $2,972,778 in the value of the properties *that* once bore his name—to bring *the* total to $5,065,536.

This wasn't the *first* time since the pioneer's death *that* the Baldwin luck had held good. When he died, his estate, including 50,000 acres of land, was valued *at* $10,000,000.

Four years elapsed before attorneys and executors had the cumbersome probate proceedings in shape to obtain court approval for final distribution. During that *time* the estate doubled in value.

The property was divided between his two daughters, Clara Baldwin Stocker and Anita Baldwin. Each received $10,000,000, the original value of the entire fortune.

Mrs. Stocker died in 1929. Anita Baldwin's *name* had been Mrs. McClaughry, *that* of her second husband. Perhaps with a prophetic sense of the Baldwin luck she resumed her maiden name after divorcing her husband.

In many respects she lived up to *the* role that would be expected of *the* daughter of an illustrious father. Born in San Francisco, she was the only daughter of Baldwin by his third wife, Jane Virginia Dexter, who died when Anita was five years old.

The attachment between her and her father became unusually close. Her first romance came early in life. She was only 15 when she married a second cousin, George W. Baldwin. Twin sons, born to the couple, lived only a few days and the match ended in divorce.

Later she married Hull McClaughry, a San Francisco attorney, who became the father of her son, Baldwin M. Baldwin, and a daughter, now Mrs. Dextra Baldwin Derx.

A patron of the arts, Anita Baldwin became a musical composer. As a child she had wanted to be a concert pianist, but an accident to her wrists thwarted that ambition.

Her work as a composer began in 1894 with compositions based on Spanish, Mexican, and Negro songs. In later life her interests turned to Oriental and American Indian music. For several years she spent considerable time among the Indians to learn their tribal chants.

After her father's death at his Santa Anita ranch, Anita Baldwin closed the upper floors of the sprawling ranch house, reduced the large staff of employes, and retired into the comparative seclusion of the first floor.

Large sections of the vast land holdings bequeathed by her father were sold. She embarked on philanthropies on an open-handed scale, supporting hospitals and many humanitarian causes.

Always a great lover of animals, she contributed generously to the activities of the California State Humane Society and the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

The rambling acres at Santa Anita Rancho were a haven for countless dogs, maintained by their mistress both as pets and guards.

During World War I, Anita Baldwin's finances were in a jumbled condition. As her father often had been, she was land poor. But she gambled on the future and carried on her welfare work with borrowed money.

Thoroughbred horses were given to the Army remount service. For this and other patriotic efforts she was made an honorary colonel of the 160th Infantry Regiment of the California National Guard.

Many of her philanthropies were secret. Numerous private pensioners were carried on her payroll.

With some of the fire that characterized her parent's spectacular career, she announced her intention of quitting the United States during the depression of the early '30s. She vehemently declared she was going to sell all of her extensive properties and move to Canada.

"I may come back if this country gets the cleaning it needs—with a good stiff broom," she said. "In spite of money paid in taxes for protection one must provide it for himself."

Anita Baldwin never carried out her plan to leave the country.

Contributions of land for public use, including a valuable 40-acre tract in southwest Los Angeles for a public playground, combined with her philanthropies to reduce the value of her estate to slightly more than $2,000,000 when she died.

But now the Baldwin luck is sending the family fortunes up again. Oil flows from fields of derricks on hills where Lucky Baldwin's herdsmen once grazed sheep. A surge of population has thrown acres of homes and stores over Baldwin land. Real estate values have risen sharply.

The beneficiaries under Anita Baldwin's will are her two children, but they will not receive the principal until 15 years after her death. That will be 1954.

By that time their inheritance may have risen to a figure that would evoke the expression their famous grandfather frequently made when reverses and the years bore down upon him:

"By gad, I'm not licked yet!"

★ Illustrated by ELMOR BROWN ★

Heartbreaks Of Society

Milo Was Too Small to Look Like the Original Venus and Too Late to Be a True Flower of the Old South, but She Bowled the Bachelors Over—Including Baron von Brincken.

By Genè Coughlin

MILO ABERCROMBIE arrived on the scene a bit too late to be a Flower of the Old South. But she brought up north to San Francisco all the physical attributes of the Old South of song and story.

Hers were the big languid blue eyes, the blond tresses, the full mouth, given to pouting one moment and smiling the next. And the provocative scent of magnolia bathed her clinging vine figure.

San Francisco society embraced her hungrily, along with her equally pretty sister Margaret, and both of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gustave Abercrombie.

Milo, who wasn't nearly big enough to wear the full name of the original, the Venus de Milo, was installed as Debutante No. 1 in the days immediately preceding World War I, and after her father had died and her mother had married Attorney George McGowan.

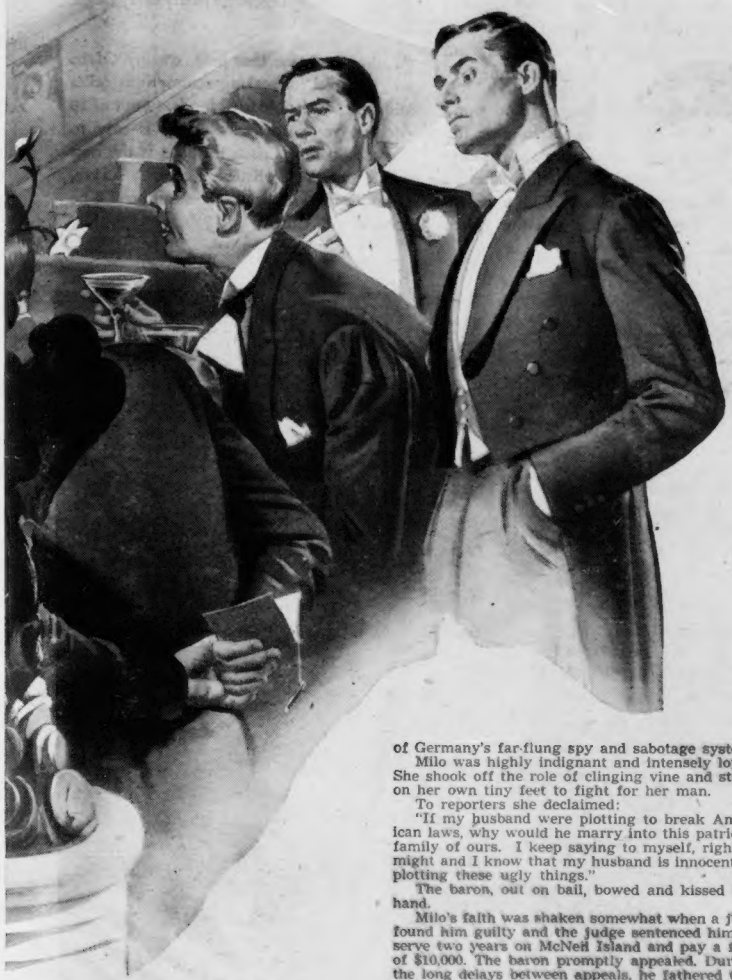
Her coming out party, which was truly elaborate, was the signal for the raising of the barrier. San Francisco's eligible bachelors broke from the starting gate in a mad dash for her hand.

In the field was a standout, Baron George Wilhelm Hans von Brincken, attached to the Imperial German Consulate. He sauntered in Milo's direction while the others ran. He bowed over her hand, as low as his corset would permit; caressed her with his bold, black eyes, his monocle glinting—and Milo was his.

There was an unexpected delay between the

TRAGIC ERRORS OF THE SOUTHERN BEAUTY

Illustrated by
WATSON LITTLE



announcement of the engagement and the wedding.

It developed that the baron wasn't an eligible bachelor after all. There was a wife in Germany, not completely divorced, and certain legal steps had to be taken.

The baron whiled away the interim telling about his earlier career as a lieutenant in the Royal Saxon Cavalry and a Knight of the Teutonic Order, and describing their future home on the baronial estates at Blanckenburg, Germany. They would live there after Germany had disposed of her enemies.

THE wedding reception was held in the ornate Palace Hotel. Lady Duff Gordon designed the wedding dress and trousseau. The Imperial Consul General, Franz Bopp, traveled from Washington, D. C., to be the best man.

The honeymoon was hardly over before Milo's first idyllic romance was rudely interrupted. Agents of the United States Government snatched the baron from her arms.

Baron George Wilhelm Hans von Brincken smiled politely as the charges were read: Espionage and sabotage against the Allies, and the United States of America, then preparing to plunge into the European war.

It was charged that he had acted as Pacific Coast paymaster for Franz von Papen, director of Germany's far-flung spy and sabotage system.

Milo was highly indignant and intensely loyal. She shook off the role of clinging vine and stood on her own tiny feet to fight for her man.

To reporters she declaimed:

"If my husband were plotting to break American laws, why would he marry into this patriotic family of ours. I keep saying to myself, right is might and I know that my husband is innocent of plotting these ugly things."

The baron, out on bail, bowed and kissed her hand.

Milo's faith was shaken somewhat when a jury found him guilty and the judge sentenced him to serve two years on McNeil Island and pay a fine of $10,000. The baron promptly appealed. During the long delays between appeals, he fathered two children, a boy and a girl, and they were a comfort to Milo as the day arrived when, finally, their father had to go to prison.

The prison barber had hardly finished giving him his first prison haircut when Milo sued for divorce and made another declamation for the benefit of the reporters:

"Marriage to me was the greatest, most sacred experience of a woman's life. In the maelstrom of war that dashed many a human hope and many a life to pieces on the rocks of inhumanity, my romance was broken. It cannot be restored. I love my country more than my husband."

In Federal prison, the baron lost his polish and became very rough on receipt of the news. He wrote letters to Milo, to all members of the family and to her attorney. Sans monocle and corset, he made his dramatic statement in the penitentiary's visiting room.

Said the man convicted of sabotage and espionage:

"I have been true and faithful to her as few husbands are. She has acted under pressure. I am sure that local society plays a strong role in this drama. As to my being here—it was orders that I could not dispute that forced me to play the role allotted to me in that conspiracy. I love this country."

He was released on Jan. 10, 1920, and hurried to San Francisco to do his pleading in person, but the baron was too late. Milo, divorced from an enemy of her country, had married a man who had worn its uniform in the war—Lieut. Lyman K. Swenson, U. S. Navy.

The baron gnashed his gold-filled teeth and mourned—for all of two months. Then he married a Los Angeles divorcee, Ruth McConnell Swartz. He changed his name, deciding that the cognomen of "Roger Beckwith" was typically American, and settled down.

HE SETTLED down too deeply and too permanently, Mrs. Ruth McConnell Beckwith decided when she divorced him after two years, declaring she was sick and tired of supporting him in the manner befitting a baron.

Meantime, Milo had two more children as Mrs. Swenson, which kept her so busy she didn't have time to make a public statement until three years after the marriage. Then she went to the divorce courts again, and sighed:

"I can go no further. Lieutenant Swenson has made life unbearable for me. There is nothing left for me in life except my children and to them my life is now dedicated.

"The lieutenant has been so frightfully domineering that I have scarcely been able to call my life my own. He has the old-fashioned idea that a woman should stay at home."

Thus the erstwhile clinging vine cast off her support and retired to comfort her sister Margaret, brooding over her first marriage to Sherman O. Crawford, an interne at Marine hospital, who turned out to be already married.

Milo saw her sister happily married again, to Chris Buckley Jr., son of the political boss, and then she heard news from Hollywood.

Roger Beckwith, nee Baron George Wilhelm Hans von Brincken, divorced for chronic laziness, was working! Fox Studios was using him as a screen writer and director and paying him $1,200 a month!

Milo "got in touch" via her attorney. Did Roger, alias George Wilhelm Hans etc., remember that he and Milo had a son, only 20 years of age, in need of support? Roger did, and a settlement was effected.

It didn't take Hollywood more than a couple of years to discover that the ex-baron couldn't write and couldn't direct.

Completely disillusioned as regards women and the world, he turned gardener and pottered around his Beverly Hills estate in blue jeans and a floppy hat, until he died a few months ago.

Milo's world became restricted and lonely. Her mother and her stepfather, George McGowan, had died. Her declaration that she was dedicating her life to her children had a hollow ring to it—because she didn't have all of her children.

When she divorced Swenson, the court awarded him custody of the couple's two children and the maternal heart of Milo yearned for them.

While she was still in funds she sued for their custody, but Justice was blind to her charms, now matronly but still magnificent, and deaf to her pleading Southern drawl.

The cause became a crusade. Money that she could have spent on herself; thousands of dollars that would have insured her a life of ease, she diverted to lawyers' fees and court costs.

WHEN the last of her money was gone, Milo was bewildered and knew not where to turn. The McGowan estate had vanished; so too had the gallants who had pledged their lives and their fortunes in her behalf—before she married the baron, and in turn, the navy lieutenant.

After years of fighting her own battles, in the courts and out, Milo Abercrombie became, in her maturity, the clinging vine again, seeking the stalwart support of the protecting male.

If she couldn't have all her children, she could at least share her life with someone.

As in the case of the baron, the first support, the "someone" turned out to have a title.

He was the Marquis Pedro J. de Flores, and Milo didn't care if the name didn't sound as French as that owned by the average French Marquis. He was suave and charming.

They were married in Reno and lived happily—for five years.

And then, suddenly, Pedro J. de Flores stormed into divorce court, the first of Milo's husbands to take the initiative.

He had been deceived! At the time he married her, he had no inkling of his wife's "past," the marquis said. His honor and that of his family was at stake. Something must be done. Milo sat by while he got his divorce.

Milo Abercrombie, once toasted as "the most beautiful society girl in America," was not through with romance. Last June she went to Tijuana, Mexico, and married Lawrence L. Shelby.

The marriage lasted two months and then Milo sued for annulment. She claimed that Shelby, husband No. 4, was already married at the time.

Furthermore, she contended, he "was an ex-convict who served a sentence for forgery in Illinois, another sentence for bigamy in Nevada." And, as a further cause for action, Milo claimed he had been arrested in Los Angeles for impersonating a federal officer.

Once again, Milo Abercrombie had failed in her search for happiness at the altar.

Another "Heartbreak of Society" story will appear in an early issue of The American Weekly.

"My Apricream pie was a dream pie... fluffy and flaky and feather light!"

"You never saw a more prideful bride—or tasted a dreamier chiffon pie! It was yummy-rich . . . sweet with a touch of tartness . . . and *that crust!* So flaky, so tender, my Jim just begged for seconds . . . and *thirds!*

"Beginner's luck? Oh-ho no! You don't *need* luck when you use wonderful new, improved Crisco and Crisco's can't-miss pastry method. That magic combination takes all the guesswork out of pastry. With pure, all-vegetable Crisco and the sure-fire Crisco pastry recipe, anybody—yes, *anybody*—can get tender, flaky digestible pastry every single time!

"I already knew that pure, creamy Crisco was a marvel for making scrumptious cakes and light, digestible fried foods. (9 out of 10 doctors, you know, say Crisco is easy to digest.) So now Crisco for all 3 is the new rule for me! Yes, whatever I cook . . . cakes, pastry or fried foods . . . you can bet I'll be cookin' with Crisco!"

APRICREAM PIE
(Yield: one 9" pie)

CRISCO SURE-FIRE PASTRY METHOD:

½ cup Crisco
1½ cups sifted flour
½ teaspoon salt
3 tablespoons water

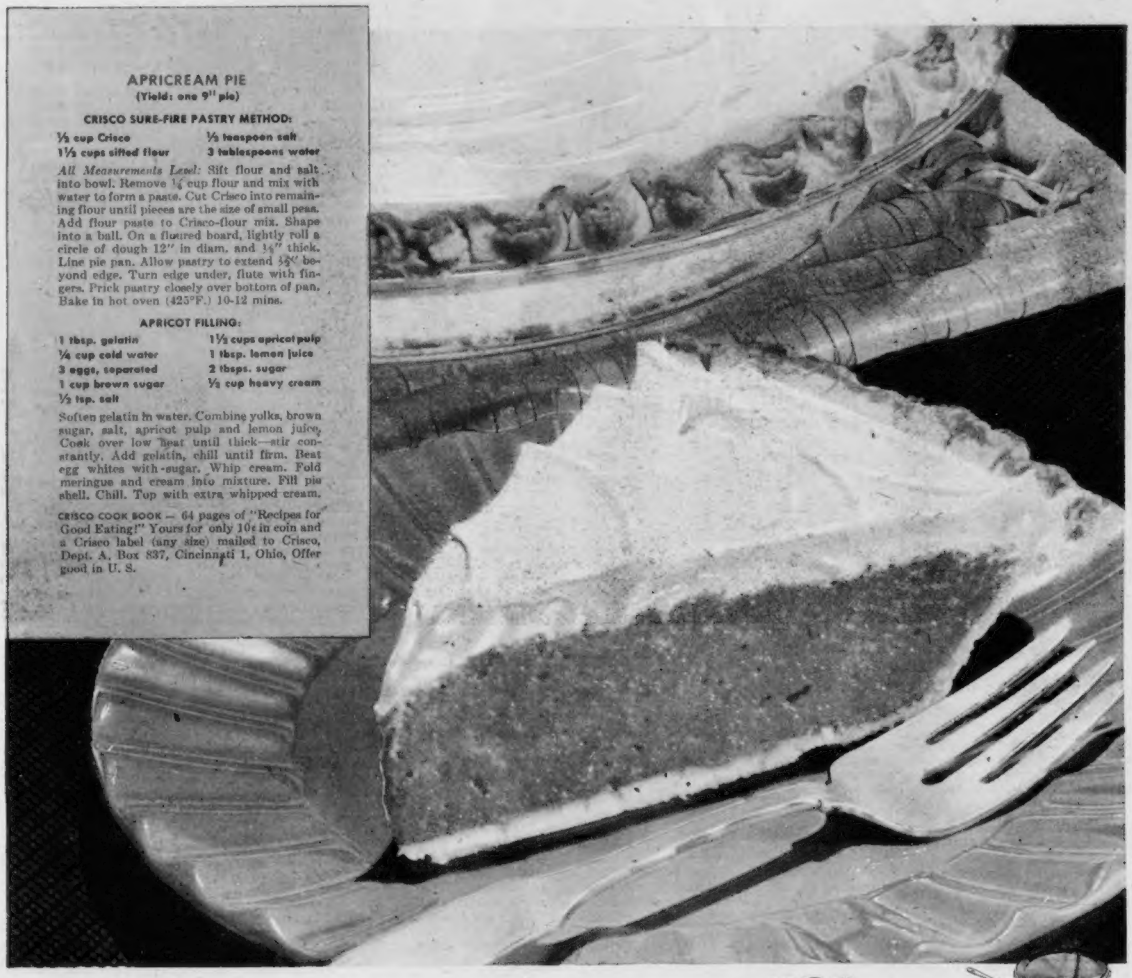
All Measurements Level: Sift flour and salt into bowl. Remove ¼ cup flour and mix with water to form a paste. Cut Crisco into remaining flour until pieces are the size of small peas. Add flour paste to Crisco-flour mix. Shape into a ball. On a floured board, lightly roll a circle of dough 12" in diam. and ⅛" thick. Line pie pan. Allow pastry to extend ½" beyond edge. Turn edge under, flute with fingers. Prick pastry closely over bottom of pan. Bake in hot oven (425°F.) 10-12 mins.

APRICOT FILLING:

1 tbsp. gelatin
¼ cup cold water
3 eggs, separated
1 cup brown sugar
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups apricot pulp
1 tbsp. lemon juice
2 tbsps. sugar
½ cup heavy cream

Soften gelatin in water. Combine yolks, brown sugar, salt, apricot pulp and lemon juice. Cook over low heat until thick—stir constantly. Add gelatin, chill until firm. Beat egg whites with sugar. Whip cream. Fold meringue and cream into mixture. Fill pie shell. Chill. Top with extra whipped cream.

CRISCO COOK BOOK — 64 pages of "Recipes for Good Eating!" Yours for only 10¢ in coin and a Crisco label (any size) mailed to Crisco, Dept. A, Box 837, Cincinnati 1, Ohio. Offer good in U. S.



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New Glo-Coat gives a far brighter shine

...without rubbing or buffing

Natural color photograph

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You know what a favorite Glo-Coat has always been for *shine!* Well, *new* Glo-Coat gives nearly *twice* as much shine as before . . . without any rubbing or buffing. Just apply it in the usual way—let it dry—and you'll say your linoleum floors have never looked so bright . . . their colors never so fresh and gay. Varnished wood floors, too, shine with new beauty.

What's more, the same bright Glo-Coat polish that beautifies your floors *protects* them. Spilled things and muddy footprints wipe up quickly. Dirt doesn't readily penetrate the tough wax film, so linoleum actually lasts years longer. The wax protection maintains the beauty of wood floors, too—prevents them from becoming rough and ugly.

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A SELF POLISHING WAX for FLOORS
Made by the makers of JOHNSON'S WAX
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Bring out the Beauty of the Home...

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Self Polishing Glo-Coat, Paste Wax, Cream Wax, Liquid Cleaning and Polishing Wax, Carnu for cars

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Tiny Crystals May Be Science's Newest Weapon in the Conquest of Disease and Old Age

The SECRET of LIFE— ENZYMES

By Dr. James B. Sumner

Nobel Prize Winner and Professor of Biochemistry, Cornell University

ALL THE old quests of the philosophers—the secrets of youth and health—pale today in the presence of biological scientists' great aspiration. The biologists dare to hope that through research some day they will solve the mystery of life itself.

They are working toward that goal through successive discoveries concerning infinitesimal bits of substance in the human body.

These bits are the enzymes (Pronounced en-zyme) in every body cell. They have no life of their own, but when they combine with other substances they change those substances in a way so phenomenal that they seem close to the very secret of the life process.

Without enzymes, there can be no life. Life is merely the action of one enzyme after another. They cause all the chemical changes in the living cells. Like architects, they take over a creature's building materials.

Their action—the basis of growth, digestion, muscular contraction, conduction of nerve impulses, the production of heat, and repair of hurt tissue—makes the individual.

The first objective, now, is to isolate one kind of enzyme after another and crystallize it. That is under way. In all, 35 have been identified.

A step far in the future will be to make enzymes synthetically. By crystallizing the tiny, mysterious masters of man's life, we now are much nearer to knowing what life is than we have ever been.

We probably have found one of the most important keys to the eventual conquest of disease, the aging process and many causes of death.

In every living cell, there are hundreds of enzymes. They are complex organic substances which transform other substances without being used up themselves.

One enzyme, called invertase, can digest 1,000,000 times its weight in cane sugar. One ounce of pepsin crystals can digest a ton and a half of boiled egg white in two hours.

We know today that fermentation is usually brought about by the action of the enzymes present in living organisms. For example, alcoholic fermentation is caused by enzymes in yeast cells. The breakdown of meat is caused by the action of enzymes present in various bacteria.

In some instances it is easy now to obtain an enzyme in solution unaccompanied by any yeast cell or bacterium. Thus, the enzyme known as amylase occurs in the grains of wheat, rye, barley, as well as in the saliva of man, rats, pigs and other animals.

The pepsin present in the gastric juice of mammals, birds and fishes digests meat.

It was not until 1926 that enzymes were obtained in a state of purity. Before then, nobody knew what they were chemically. Some scientists had even suggested that they were properties instead of material substances.

In 1917, I started working with enzymes while an assistant professor at the Cornell Medical School. I hoped to obtain one in pure isolated form. I decided to work with enzyme, urease.

This particular enzyme occurs in a great many kinds of beans, and in about 200 species of bacteria, as well as in a number of the lower forms of animal life.

Its action is to decompose urea, the most important nitrogenous waste product in mammals, into ammonium carbonate. Through this action, urea is converted into something which can be used by plants.

Jack beans are the richest source of this enzyme, and I used them in my experiments. My hope was high and I of course did not know that nine years of work would lie ahead before I could succeed.

The beginning of the work was the grinding of beans to a fine flour. The objective was to extract the enzyme with a solvent such as water, dilute alcohol, or dilute salt solutions.

I found that water extracted so much protein that the solution was thick and almost impossible to filter free from the undissolved particles of meal. Dilute alcohol proved to be a better solvent, since it dissolved most of the urease but did not dissolve a large part of the protein. Consequently, the dilute alcohol solutions could be filtered clear.

Later I found that if this alcohol solution was cooled to a temperature considerably below freezing, nearly all of the urease came out, along with a considerable amount of impurities. This constituted a considerable advance.

Finally, in April, 1926, I decided to extract urease from jack bean meal with 32 per cent acetone. Fearing that room temperature might have a destructive action on the urease, I placed the filtering material in an ice chest.

The next morning an examination under a microscope showed up the presence of colorless, transparent, octagonal crystals. There, in pure crystalline form, was enzyme urease.

The goal I had set in 1917 had been reached. For the first time, a method had been developed to isolate an enzyme in crystal form.

Next, I tested a solution of the crystals on urea and found it decomposed urea at an extraordinary rate. I reported this discovery in the Journal of Biological Chemistry. The report was ignored by most scientists.

But there were some who believed as I did. In 1930, John H. Northrop of the Rockefeller Institute at Princeton, N. J., was able to isolate pepsin in crystalline form. Soon afterward, Northrop and Kunitz obtained crystals of trypsin and a new enzyme, which was named chymotrypsin. Then others crystallized still more enzymes, until the present total, 35, was reached.

The Nobel recognition came in 1946. In November of that year a cable from Stockholm announced that one-half the Nobel prize in chemistry was to be awarded to me for crystallizing the first enzyme. Northrup and Stanley, who had crystallized a virus, were each to receive one-quarter of the prize.

In recent years the field of enzyme research has been emphatically opened and much work is being carried on all over the world.

All the work that goes into it will be warranted by the goal. For the more we learn about these catalysts the more we shall know of living processes. When we know all there is to know of those substances, we should have at last the secret of life.

The scientist is primarily interested, not in producing "life in the test tube" but in preventing and reversing conditions which weaken and destroy life of man himself and of plants and animals.

A South African explorer was attacked by a cobra, which sank its fangs into his flesh. The snake venom, reacting upon his enzymes, would have killed him speedily. Fortunately he possessed, and used promptly, an "anti-venom-enzyme" preparation. He survived. Enzyme research will certainly help in the eventual cure of cancer, virus and other diseases for which we have no specific remedy.

The Happy, Growing Child Is Built From the Action of One Enzyme After Another—They Are the Architects of the Individual.

American Weekly Staff Photograph

Helen Fournier's 20-YEAR NIGHTMARE

"For Faithful and Devoted Service," the Toastmaster Said in Presenting the Testimonial to the Blond Bank Teller.

By Irving Johnson

HELEN FOURNIER accepted the watch from the toastmaster and held it up for everyone to see. Then she read the inscription on the back:

"For Faithful and Devoted Service For a Quarter of a Century."

It was a magic moment for blond Mrs. Fournier. She had been with the Bristol (Conn.) Bank and Trust Company almost since her schooldays and officials of the bank had given a banquet in her honor at Bristol's swank Chipanee Country Club.

She was the chief savings teller then and one of the most trusted and able members of the bank's staff.

Now, only a little while after this shining testimonial, she's in the Connecticut State Prison for Women at Niantic—sentenced to three to eight years for stealing $132,000 from the bank. Investigators, adding interest, fix the figure at $155,731.56.

By her own admission; the thefts were spread across the last 20 of her 25 years in the teller's cage.

"She was," said State's Attorney Meade Alcorn, "one of the most brilliant embezzlers in banking history."

Helen says that the source of all her trouble and the shame she has brought to her family is her own nature. She was a born gambler, always ready to take a chance.

Her classmates at Bristol High School remember her as a pretty, pretty girl who used to bet her pennies on football and other games.

At the bank, she first dipped into the money entrusted to her care to play the horses. Then it was the stock market and as her losses grew her unauthorized indebtedness ballooned into terrifying proportions.

The fear of discovery became a haunting specter. She fretted interminably whenever she was away from the bank, for however short a period, and her vacations were nightmares of worry and anxiety.

Helen, then Helen Reszenski, came to Bristol with her family in 1916 and graduated from high school in 1920. She is of Polish descent and her father ran a small store in town.

She advanced rapidly at the bank. She was hard-working and pleasant and the Polish people of Bristol preferred doing business with her. Mistrustful of banks generally, they trusted her implicitly.

By 1927, Helen had reached a position of responsibility and then, one day, she played a "sure thing" at the race track. The horse lost and Helen, plunging heavily again, wound up owing the bookies $2,400.

She remembered how her Polish customers saved systematically, rarely ever withdrawing from their accounts, and paid her losses with money belonging to one of them.

She had found, as the State's Attorney observed later, a defect in the bank's procedure— and he called it unbelievable that it should remain undiscovered for so long.

From 1927 on, whenever Helen withdrew money from a depositor's account for her own use, she entered the amount on the customer's card, and hid the card in the "dead" file.

This file contained some 12,000 cards that were filled with entries and was rarely looked into.

When a depositor whose card had been hidden (and account looted) appeared at her window, Helen took his card from its hiding place and made the proper entry on it. Her system was foolproof so long as she handled all her customers herself. The end came one day when she didn't.

Meanwhile, the shortage in her accounts had swollen beyond all hope of restitution. When she found she couldn't beat the races, she turned to the stock market.

She lost heavily in the 1929 crash and again in 1933. She took a trial balance after that and was appalled to find she was $85,000 short.

Helen's father, who died long before her arrest, ran into hard times after 1929 and she gave him $13,000. She lent her brother $14,000.

The brother, later told the court that the family believed she had made a small fortune in the market.

In 1931, Helen married Augustus J. Fournier, a foreman at a factory in Bristol. He, like the rest of the family, was shocked when his wife admitted her long-term thefts.

Other beyond-her-income expenditures by Helen included a dress shop that cost her $12,000 and failed and a $7,800 beach cottage.

She was at this cottage, on vacation, when a tailor deposited $500 at the bank. A teller, filling in for her, couldn't find his card. There was a search lasting several days before it was discovered in the "dead" file.

It showed a balance of $7,511.42 that had not been included in the bank's last bookkeeping balance.

Helen was ordered back from her vacation and investigations were started by the State's Attorney, the Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation, the State Banking Department and the bank's bonding company.

Helen, returning home, admitted her guilt to Bank President Charles T. Treadway, Jr., and was arrested. When the case was called for trial, she had managed to raise and restore more than $70,000 to the bank.

In court, defense counsel said she had wanted to confess many times through the years, but had always been held back by her family's faith and pride—in her.

At last the trial was over—and Helen Fournier's 25 years of "faithful and devoted service" had reached a bitter, and inevitable, end.

Whenever Helen Embezzled Money She Furtively Entered the Amount on a Customer's Card and Then Hid It in the "Dead" File.

Illustrated by RAFAEL DE SOTO

Love on the Scales

Jack Spratt would eat no fat;
His wife would eat no lean
When she bulged out and he caved in,
The courts did intervene.
—*Mother Goose Revised*

Reduce or Else, Was Cupid's Command, but the Choice Was a Hard One, For Romance Doesn't Always Thrive on a Diet.

Illustrated by DOROTHEA FOX

RECENT developments in the civil courts of New York and Chicago apparently present another good reason why Justice should be pictured blindfolded while holding her scale.

Since she must be unprejudiced and since she is a lady herself it has been pointed out that Justice should not be subjected to the strain of seeing what happens when a lady litigant, plagued by plumpness, steps on the scales.

Justice should merely be concerned with what the litigant has to say about how her husband made her life miserable because she weighed too much—and what the husband may have to say in rebuttal.

Take, for example, the matrimonial miseries of Mrs. Jessie Bersohn of New York and Mrs. Olive Duan of Chicago.

Mrs. Bersohn, seeking relief in a suit for separation, explained that she had married Abraham P. Bersohn, wealthy Fifth Avenue attorney, in 1919; that he had abandoned her without cause in 1946.

She produced a letter which, she asserted, he had written to her from Nantucket, Mass., in 1939. The letter:

"If I am to come back I must have your solemn assurance on two things.

"1. That you will undertake with increasing effort to reduce 20 pounds whether that involves milk farms, three days, three weeks or three months. Your failure to reduce has caused me much aggravation. After 20 years you are heavier than ever before.

"2. I want no friction, no contrariness, irrespective of the subject matter."

Mrs. Bersohn said that was typical of "my husband's personal criticism of my personal appearance, dress, style of my hair and personal habits."

Lawyer Bersohn, who is also a certified public accountant and therefore familiar with figures, replied:

"I have no bitterness toward my wife and I do not wish to hurt her feelings."

Then he explained that she was untidy as a home maker in their $300 a month terrace apartment, chewed her fingernails at home and at the theatre, and added, finally:

"Her indifference to her personal appearance took the form of self-indulgence and gaining weight. She weighed about 135 pounds when we were married. She now weighs over 200 pounds, even though she is only 5 feet 2 inches tall.

"She complains about pains in her legs and has been told by her physician that her legs cannot carry such weight. But that did not spur her to any effort at reducing. Naturally, when I saw her gaining weight and being sloppy about her personal appearance I protested for her own sake. She fought furiously at every suggestion I made..."

Justice Thomas Aurelio, informed by Mrs. Bersohn that her husband has an income of $50,000 a year, awarded her temporary alimony of $200 a week pending trial of the action; or roughly, a dollar per week per pound.

The other victim of plumpness, Mrs. Olive Duan, 24, of Chicago, asked Circuit Judge Leonard C. Reid to grant her a divorce from Robert Duan, 24, on grounds of cruelty.

She told the court that she weighed 125 when she married in November, 1946.

"And in May of 1947," she said, "I was up to 180 pounds. And he scolds me for being fat and struck me because I said it was his fault."

According to her story, it did appear her husband might have something to do with her increase in weight.

Starting with the honeymoon, Mrs. Duan complained, they had pork and spaghetti every night. After a few weeks of this steady diet, the bride wondered, out loud, if they couldn't have something else for dinner.

Husband Duan, according to his wife, explained it was a matter of economy. His parents operated a grocery store and specialized in the two items—pork and spaghetti.

He said there was no sense letting such food go to waste.

Mrs. Duan said:

"There's no sense letting it go to waist—my waist—you mean."

Judge Reid gave her a decree of divorce and Mrs. Duan went out to order the dinner she had long yearned for—a lettuce sandwich on melba toast.

Court attendants said they didn't know for sure, it might have been the humidity, but something wet and glistening formed on the cheekbones of the statue of Justice, like sympathetic tears had slipped down from behind the blindfold.

Justice is a robust lady, too.

"I'm for powder!

I'm convinced! I tried it! I know!

Pepsodent Powder made my teeth cleaner-brighter within 7 days!"

MAKES TEETH TWICE AS BRIGHT!*

Another fine product of Lever Brothers Company

says Mrs. Stedman Willard of Winnetka, Illinois (pictured below), one of Pepsodent Powder's delighted users, enjoying winter sports.

FREE "Convinces Yourself" Offer

...make the 7-day test at Pepsodent's expense!

At your request, Pepsodent will mail you a generous can of Pepsodent Powder absolutely free . . . more than enough to make the same 7-day test that Mrs. Willard made. After you've brushed your teeth for a week, morning and night, with Pepsodent Powder, you too will say: "I'm convinced . . . I tried it . . . I know. Pepsodent Powder made my teeth cleaner-brighter within seven days!" Just write a penny postcard to Pepsodent, Dept. A, Box 3535, Chicago, Illinois—and ask for a free sample of Pepsodent Powder. Without further expense, your Pepsodent Powder will be mailed to you promptly. Send your card or letter today. (This offer limited to the United States, its territories and possessions.)

Here's Mrs. Willard's record from our files:

PEPSODENT POWDER CASE HISTORY No. NW–26

Name: Mrs. Stedman Willard

Address: 503 Orchard Lane, Winnetka, Ill.

Started using Pepsodent Powder:
October 28, 1947

Immediate results: Teeth and mouth felt cleaner.

First noticed teeth much brighter:
October 31, 1947

Present condition of teeth: Teeth feel much cleaner and seem brighter.

Comment: Pepsodent Powder removes the stains on my teeth. No other type of dentifrice has done this. I intend to use Pepsodent Powder from now on.

Signed Jeannette C. Willard

Pepsodent Powder's *more thorough* cleansing does the job

You'll *feel* the difference in seconds . . . *see* the difference within a week!

Yes, the very first brushing with *Pepsodent* Powder cleans teeth *cleaner*. And regular daily brushings make teeth *far brighter*.

*Actually, Pepsodent Powder makes teeth *twice as bright* as the average of all other leading dentifrices—brighter than *any of them*, bar none! Scientists have proved this fact again and again, *with photoelectric* devices that are completely impartial and accurate.

A special patented blend of polishing agents, known as C.M.P. and the famous detergent, Irium, explain the remarkable *efficiency* of Pepsodent Powder.

You'll enjoy the clean tingle Pepsodent Powder gives your mouth . . . and the way its mouth-freshening flavor lingers longer. Pepsodent Powder is thrifty, too . . . you get far more brushings for your money than with other types of dentifrices. Get a can today.

NEWSPAPER

One of Them Came Forward Bravely With the Information Which Solved One of the Strangest Crimes Ever to Confront a Great City.

Suddenly, the Bully Said, "I Put Lonnie in the Woods," and He Gestured Savagely. The Newspaper Boy Learned Later What This Meant and He Met the Crisis.

By Philip Drew

TWO grade school youths—a rough, tough bully and a quiet, industrious newspaper boy—met by chance last fall on a street corner near Humboldt Park in Chicago. The newspaper boy listened. The bully spoke of murder.

"I put Lonnie in the woods," he said. "Don't tell any one."

The words, as sharp-faced Howard Lang spoke them, had such terrible significance that his younger companion, Harold Kraft, tow-headed and sturdy, didn't believe them.

He thought that Lang, following some faulty reasoning, had concluded it would be smart to boast he was responsible for the disappearance of a schoolmate, seven-year-old Lonnie Fellick.

Eight days later, a mailman, walking on his day off in Thatcher Woods, came to a shallow ravine, and there, partly hidden by beech and oak leaves, he found Lonnie Fellick's stabbed and crushed body.

It was news for the city. The police for two weeks had been baffled by the little boy's disappearance. It was news which Harold Kraft spread along his route as he delivered afternoon editions of the Herald-American.

Also it was news which hit Harold hard. Per-

Illustrated by PAUL RADER

BOYS

haps, after all, Lang, the leader of the toughs in his neighborhood, had actually disclosed a fearful, pertinent secret. Perhaps Lang really had, as he said, "put" Lonnie in the woods, with stab wounds in the back and chest, and his head crushed.

The police didn't know who killed Lonnie. No one, officially, had known Lonnie had been killed until the mailman, Theodore C. Karr, had seen the slain child among the leaves in the Thatcher Woods, 100 feet south of Chicago Avenue and three blocks east of First Avenue, Maywood, on Chicago's western outskirts.

POSSIBLY, he, Harold Kraft, earnest in school and business-like in his outside job of newspaper delivery, was the one person in Chicago who could put the finger on the murderer.

For an adolescent boy it wasn't an easy problem. He could tell of the street corner conversation, and he might be involved in a maze of lies concocted by Lang, the potential gang chief. He could stay silent, and see events take shape beyond his imagining.

Everywhere in the country, newspaper boys now (and all of those who used to be newspaper boys, some now famous) can be proud of what forthright, honest-talking Harold did then.

He confided in his mother. He and she decided he must speak for all Chicago to hear. He told to the Chicago Herald-American what he had heard Lang say to him on the street corner. Then he told police.

It was the first break in one of the most incredible murders to blot the record of social progress in the United States.

Lang was brought in.

"Do you know Harold Kraft?" he was asked.

"I never heard of him."

This did not budge Harold. "I'm telling the truth," he said.

Then other prospective witnesses were found, among them nine-year-old Gerald Michalek, also from the Humboldt Park area. Before a coroner's jury, he broke down.

"I went with Lonnie and Lang into the woods," he said. "Lonnie wanted to borrow Lang's knife, the one he bought with the $10 he stole from his mother. When Lang refused, Lonnie said he'd tell Lang's mother.

"That made Lang mad. He hit Lonnie with the handle of his knife."

The three boys walked on into the darkening woods.

"When we stopped," Gerald said, "Lang said to Lonnie, 'Here's your last cigaret.'"

After that, said Gerald, Lang lunged at Lonnie with the knife open.

"Lonnie doubled over and Lang stabbed him in the back. Lonnie fell on his face. Lang turned him over and made two big gashes in his neck."

LONNIE still moved, trying to escape what he could not understand. Lang, said Gerald, then got a heavy rock and dropped it several times on Lonnie's head.

"Did you hold Lonnie's legs," the coroner asked.

"Yes. I was afraid Lang would stab me, too... He threatened to kill me...He said, 'If you tell anyone, I'll cut your throat. I lead the gang in this school'."

Lang admitted the crime.

"I killed Lonnie...Both blades of the knife were open...I dropped the rock on him and picked it up, and dropped it again."

There it was, the whole story. Boys roaming the streets, trudging out to Thatcher Woods; irresponsible, feeling no more a part of a great, striving community than if they had been wild creatures native to the shadows of the beeches and oaks.

There was vindication, too, of Harold, the newspaper boy, who had the courage to stand out against the gang in what must have been one of the great decisions of his life.

His record in his Von Humboldt School, as well as in his dependability as a newspaper carrier, shows he had the stamina to make such a decision. His principal, Miss Josephine Clinnin, recalls well both him and Lang. Harold has been a worker. The killer had been a shirker.

Harold's marks have been first rate. The killer's marks have been low.

These were Harold's recent marks: "Reading, excellent. Composition, good. Spelling, excellent. Handwriting, good. Social studies, excellent. Arithmetic, good. Science, good. Art, excellent."

He didn't have a merely "fair" and not an "unsatisfactory."

"He has developed his capabilities," Miss Clinnin said.

The killer, with low marks, hasn't developed his capabilities, she added, and has been two years behind the grade normal for his age.

Another newspaper boy who has developed his capabilities and been able to meet a crisis is 15-year-old Al Heck, of Washington, D. C.

He is an assistant circulation branch manager and carrier boy for the Washington Times Herald. When he took the place of an absent carrier at 3 o'clock in the morning a while ago he walked into an emergency.

He was delivering his papers to the darkened houses when he noticed a bright, flickering light behind a second-floor window of a duplex building, in 18th Pl., N.E. Running toward the dwelling, he saw it was afire.

"Fire!" he yelled, and rang both doorbells. No one answered inside, but a neighbor across the street called out that he would phone the fire department.

Al didn't wait for the fire department. He kicked in the glass of the front door, reached inside and unlocked it, and rushed in.

He ran upstairs, and entering a living room was driven back by flames and smoke. He staggered back to the stairway for air.

"There's a couple in the rear bedroom up there," Ross W. Fulton, the downstairs occupant, called to him.

Al went back upstairs. He didn't know, of course, that the couple were young Mr. and Mrs. Julius Townshend, who had been married last March, the husband a former Army captain and now a Washington Gas Light Company inspector. He didn't stop to think of anything, he said later, except that people were trapped.

"I opened the door of the bedroom, and Mrs. Townshend got up and walked out in a sort of daze to the stairs," he explained. "Mrs. Fulton took care of her downstairs.

"I couldn't rouse Mr. Townshend, so I tried to drag him out. Then Mr. Fulton half carried Mr. Townshend out and downstairs."

THE fire was spreading. Al and Mr. Fulton and another neighbor, Edward Simpson, tried to stem it with containers of water from the kitchen.

Then Al hitched up a hose next door and carried it up to the porch roof. He was playing a stream of water on the flames when the firemen arrived, and the spread of the blaze was stopped.

"It was lucky I took that newspaper route when I did," he said later. "I started out on it an hour early, at 3 o'clock, so I could be back to give out papers to the other boys at 4:30 as usual. The regular boy on that route was on vacation.

Said the Townshends, next day: "We probably wouldn't be here now if it weren't for Al Heck's wonderful work."

Al's presence of mind and courage were in the best tradition of his occupation. The strength of character which stirred him to take a newspaper delivery job outside of school was the kind that could prepare him to cope as he did with the unexpected.

HEROES *and* BUSINESS MEN

HE has had many predecessors, who have graduated to a life work of prominence and responsibility, and it would be hard to find one of them who would fail to say that his boyhood news work helped him on the way up.

Some of the country's notable men from coast to coast started as boys who learned self reliance, a sense of duty and the value of earned money as they delivered newspapers house to house, or sold them on the street corners of America.

Statesmen, business leaders, professional men started that way, and they are the ones first to say, now, that you are likely to find tomorrow's top men are the young newspaper merchants of today.

Some of the best known of them joined recently in praise of the caliber of the newspaper boys of the present. They added their words to those of the United States Treasury Department, the American Publishers Association and the International Circulation Managers Association.

The Treasury Department's commendation was based on the boys' outstanding work in selling War Savings Stamps. Their sales amounted to $179,613,393.

Here are names to remember, men who once were newspaper boys doing the same work that Al Heck and Harold Kraft are doing now, men who have attained a future that is open particularly to the type of hustler embodied by the boy who sees that you get your newspaper.

"I used to be a newspaper boy myself," they say, and among them are: Supreme Court Associate Justice William O. Douglas, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, of New York, Governor Monnet C. Wallgren of Washington, Governor Earl Warren of California, Senator Robert F. Wagner of New York, Senator Wayne Morse of Oregon, Senator Scott W. Lucas of Illinois and Charles Luckman, who headed the Citizens Food Committee.

"FROM my own experience," says Senator Lucas, "I know that these youthful citizens, the newspaper boys, are working hard and sacrificing hours of pleasure to serve their community and their country. I salute their thrift. I am proud of their enterprise and patriotism."

All the others agreed with that. They all said that a busy boy is a good boy, with a future. Juvenile delinquents usually are idle boys.

Supreme Court Justice Douglas, speaking from his mountain-top of attainment, added:

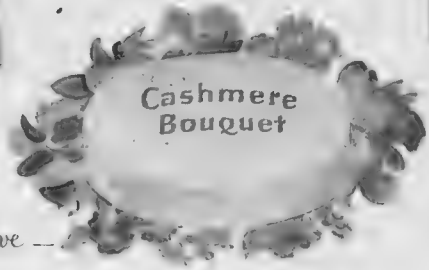
"Newspaper carriers have a great tradition. I am proud that I was one."

Al Heck Shows How He Risked His Life to Rescue the Occupants of a Burning House, Then Climbed to a Roof to Hose the Flames.

Only one soap gives your skin this exciting Bouquet

This alluring fragrance ... this luxury ... costs so little more!

Would *you* be more sweetly desirable ... disturbing ... alluring? Then give your skin this lingering, *exciting fragrance men love* ... the subtle fragrance from your daily bath with Cashmere Bouquet Soap. It comes only from the secret wedding of perfumes far more costly than you'd expect to find in any soap. Bathe every day with exquisite Cashmere Bouquet Soap ... good for your complexion, too!
P.S. For 79 years, popular girls have shared this lovely secret.



Cashmere Bouquet

Adorns your skin with the fragrance men love

Courage of CLOVER KERR

Feeling Sorry for Yourself? Then Read About the Girl Who Lost Both Legs and an Arm, Yet Smilingly Helped Thousands and Is Leading a More Active Life Than Most People

By Irmis Johnson

"UNLESS you permit it, no tragedy in your life can leave a permanent scar."

Thirty-year-old Clover Taylor, a bride of one year, smiles radiantly whenever she voices that bit of philosophy to friends and neighbors in Roseburg, Oregon.

Every day, as she works among the flowers in her garden, prepares meals in her tidy kitchen, or writes another episode in her book, "Story of My Life," this remarkable young woman, who for 10 years has had no legs—except artificial ones—and only one arm, proves the truth of that statement.

During those years she has neither needed nor accepted sympathy, though heart-broken friends and relatives were prepared to do anything in their power to help the life-loving 20-year-old Huntington, California, girl who was so severely and tragically injured when hurled under the wheels of a speeding train.

Clover Kerr (her maiden name) was returning home from a dance with her friend, Harvey Legg, on the morning of March 3, 1937. Harvey had celebrated his 21st birthday and drinks had been served at the party, though Clover said later that he wasn't intoxicated.

As they raced along the highway near the railroad track another car suddenly appeared. Harvey swerved to the side but the two cars locked bumpers and together plunged against the side of a fast-moving freight train.

Neither driver was hurt, but Clover was dragged 100 feet under the grinding wheels before she fell clear, beside the tracks.

Miraculously she was still alive.

There were many long days in the hospital. After the amputation of hopelessly crushed limbs, she received many blood transfusions, while her life hung precariously in the balance.

"No Tragedy in Your Life Can Leave a Permanent Scar," Is the Philosophy of Clover Kerr.

How her parents dreaded that moment of realization when she finally would know that she faced a lifetime of being a cripple.

Clover didn't whimper, or cry out against fate when she heard the news.

"If you can take it, I can," were the first words she spoke to her mother, and she later explained that those words weren't even hard to say.

"You see I had decided that the tragedy was meant to happen to me instead of to someone who couldn't take it. All I wanted to do, as soon as I was well enough, was to go ahead and work out my own life on merit."

That is just what Clover has been doing ever since.

First there was a radio program called "The Bridge Builder," designed to encourage others who, like Clover, had suffered what the world is so prone to call a handicap. The vivacious young woman wrote her own script and the broadcast was made from her desk in her own home.

When Christmas came 1,200 crippled and underprivileged children were invited to a tremendous party where a gay spirit was all that counted, and possession of a whole and healthy body might have made one feel an outsider.

Of the 10,000 letters Clover got that holiday season, all thanking her for personal encouragement, two especially made her realize that already her tragedy was turning into a blessing for others.

Those two letters were from persons who had contemplated suicide, but hearing her story they had found new courage to live.

Until Clover got her artificial legs, life was necessarily rather sedentary, but it was never dull. She continued to play the piano and play it well with only one hand. She learned to operate a typewriter, partly by the touch system and partly by the hunt-and-peck method, and achieved a speed of more than 70 words a minute.

Her first attempts to swim might have been discouraging for the water carried her around in a monotonous circle, but eventually she learned.

It didn't take long for her to walk alone, once she had her new legs, and soon she began playing an occasional game of golf. Ping pong and horseback riding came next.

Those were some of the achievements that helped formulate a new pattern for the young woman's exceedingly normal life; she never felt that any loss was entailed when it became necessary to substitute them for the old routine of parties, dancing and tennis.

In 1938 Clover published her first book entitled, "Banners of Courage."

During the war years, though her parents had moved to Oregon, she returned to Los Angeles and became personnel director for a firm manufacturing parachutes; five times she responded to the Red Cross appeal for blood donors.

At the time of Clover Kerr's accident she had been engaged to a young Californian but decided it was advisable to break the engagement.

Yet romance wasn't ruled out of her life, and from time to time there was a proposal of marriage. Always, however, Clover asked herself the question, "Could I make a husband happy?"

The answer she got apparently always was "No," until she met Clark Robert Taylor, a young man four years her junior, at the home of mutual friends.

They were married on February 14, 1947.

Now she has proven that she can make a husband happy, as well as be an active housewife and member of many local clubs. Some day, Clover says, she also hopes to add the job of mother.

Her book, "The Story of My Life," is being written as a word of encouragement to those who do not share Clover's unusual belief that "everything happens for the best."

The most vital message she hopes to pass on, through her writing and through her life, is that bit of personal philosophy which certainly bears repeating.

"Unless you permit it, no tragedy in your life can leave a permanent scar."

MEDICAL HUCKSTERS

By Morris Fishbein, M. D.,
Editor, Journal of the American Medical Ass'n,
and William Engle

Ward Went Out That the Remedies Were Marvelous, at Last a Cure for an Age-Old Misery. The "Doctor" Nodded Solemnly. He Knew It Was Only Water, Colored a Little for Appearances' Sake.

The GREAT Rejuvenator

SOMETIMES John Romulus Brinkley, pudgy and stubby, used to stroke his blond goatee and say that just as he was moving in a grand direction.

His gaze toward Baker Lake, the 14-carat diamond on his pinky right hand to the 11-carat diamond on the left.

He would glance toward a picture of his biggest yacht, the "DOCTOR BRINKLEY I," back to the three-inch red oil with his name 13 times embossed on it in gold, and come to rest on the arched south sign spelling "DOCTOR BRINKLEY" against the sky above the gate to his broad, $200,000 Texas acres.

If an old crony were with him, he would speak then with abrupt candor. "For a poor boy, up from bare feet in Jackson County, N. C., this, dog me, is something."

It was the heyday of the most flamboyant medical charlatan America has known.

He, bejeweled and beloved and denounced, got into big money. His folksy radio voice and his panaceas prescribed for patients he never saw in the late 1930s and early 1940s brought him a fortune.

With a goat gland transplant for vitality, he caught public fancy in the last generation and he graduated in our own generation to the lusher field of cure-alls.

From Nantucket to San Fernando today homes keep his name alive although the once familiar voice is still. In many a living room he yet seems present and awesome. There are many people, too, who remember him when they go out to their family plots sometimes on Sunday afternoons and stand beside new headstones.

AS NEW rejuvenating compounds come on the market, the Dr. Brinkley tradition wins fresh support. He was the Great Rejuvenator. Occasionally now someone craftily implies that he, too, can reverse the tide of life and give back youth for age. But the Food, Drug and Cosmetics Act curbs most claims. New radio regulations restrict broadcasting methods. Enforcers of the postal laws are working overtime.

These forces hold 1948 rejuvenators at least within some bounds. Doctor, as the believers called him, knew no bounds at all.

In the neat little town of Del Rio, Tex., the hill boy turned prophet came in the last decade to the time of his magnificence.

Flushed by the success of his goat gland transplants in Kansas, where he said he had renewed the youth of some elderly men and restored many insane women to sanity, he then advanced upon Del Rio with a single, great objective.

The Federal Radio Commission had refused to renew the license of his broadcasting station in Kansas. He had to have a new outlet from which he could advise the weary and the stricken to buy his compounds, enter his hospitals. Del Rio seemed a haven, for he found that just across the border in Villa Acuna, Mexico, he could take to the air.

He wanted to speak to America, and he told a radio-engineering firm the power he needed for his station.

"How much for the tubes?" he asked.

"Thirty-six thousand dollars," the firm's spokesman said.

He reached into his left pants pocket, took out a wallet, and peeled off 36 $1,000 bills.

That gave him XER, "The Sunshine Station Between the Nations," and his claim that it was "the most powerful broadcasting station in the world" was not a bluff. It had, at first, an official 150,000-watt rating, and that was doubled. His palaver reached homes all the way to the Canadian border—and beyond.

BY THAT time he was not transplanting goat glands into humans any more. He had perfected a "compound operation" available in his hospitals for $750, and it, according to his claims, almost relieved not only low vitality but such other far more acute human ills as dementia praecox, hardened arteries, some types of diabetes, high blood pressure, neurasthenia, epilepsy and many ailments of the stomach and kidneys.

Del Rio, population 12,000, embraced him. Homespun and persuasive, he brought it a $30,000 weekly payroll and an influx of distraught wondering, hopeful guests who took up quarters outside the hospital. In one year he grossed $1,000,000. Between 1934 and 1938 his Del Rio hospital greeted 15,000 patients, most of them at $750 apiece.

He and Mrs. Brinkley, who had been licensed as he had been by a Kansas diploma mill, lived with their son Johnny in Arabian Nights splendor. He testified once that he didn't know how many cars he owned. He did remember one of his three yachts was a 170-foot job with a crew of 21.

His vast expanse of rose garden was a Texas sight. Still more bemusing was the fine bronze of Romulus and Remus with the mother wolf on his lawn.

Yet Doctor often said: "We're simple people. Just as easy as an old shoe. Even in my admiral's uniform (a Kansas governor had created him an admiral) I don't get all swelled up."

He was just as folksy on the radio, too, with his broadcast beginning:

"This is Doctor Brinkley personally inviting you . . ."

His literature had the same homey quality.

"Both Doctor and Mrs. Brinkley are by nature kindly. They are friendly and sympathetic. If Minnie Brinkley lived near you she would share with you the nicest roasting ears from her garden.

"She would run over to your house on Sunday with a big pail of home-made ice cream that she thought was especially good."

In those days, in that greenest of charlatans' pastures, Doctor's evening broadcast, inviting all America to visit him, was preceded by a novelty as unique as his own performance, if in a minor way. It was the half-hour program of a blond uplifter named Rose Dawn, who for the modest fee of $1 offered to pray for any radio listener and forward a book called The Miracle Power.

It was said the book could "turn your poverty into gold" and "make your personality open like a flower in the warm sunshine."

After such eloquence, Doctor's voice, following Miss Dawn's, brought audiences sharply back to a workaday world.

"You people who are all the time grunting and groaning, never fit for anything, you are entirely to blame for your condition, whether it be financial or as to health. You have probably used poor judgment."

To all who needed medical advice, he issued an invitation.

"Every woman and every man should have themselves examined every six months and thus avoid some serious ailment. We charge $25 for a complete examination, including blood test, and you can not get a better examination anywhere. Write for the little red booklet and the story, 'Paw and Maw,' sending 25 cents for the cost of these booklets."

THE $750 "compound operation," however, was the money maker. Having given up goat gland transplants, the Doctor turned to a simple surgical technique based on research by the Austrian rejuvenator, Steinach. Most experts are convinced that the apparent success of the operation in a few cases in which elderly men claimed renewed vitality was due to the power of suggestion.

Besides this service, there were sidelines. Wives who accompanied husbands could have examinations of their own for $50. Pills for relieving acid stomach were $5 a hundred, six ounces of laxative came to $3. Business boomed.

At the peak of the boom, the Texas State Board of Medical Examiners grew restive. Doctor decided to double up on his Del Rio hospital. He set up his medical establishment at Little Rock, Ark., and there he opened a 40-bed hospital for operating and a 60-bed hospital, converted from a country club, for convalescents.

The country club layout he called "The Most Beautiful Hospital in the World," and this was not a great exaggeration. A vast stone structure fronting on a 100-acre lake, in the midst of 360 acres of grounds, it was built by a Little Rock fraternal order in better times. The Doctor brought to it good times of his own.

By private plane—with pilot and co-pilot he commuted to Del Rio, and he kept up his broadcasts from "The Sunshine Station Between the Nations"; they differed from the earlier ones only because they invited the downhearted to come to Little Rock instead of Del Rio.

It took a staff of 35 then to handle 2,000 daily letters. Doctor brought in a group of medical assistants. His Romulus Drug Store sold his special remedies.

It seemed that nothing could blight this venture into the field of big business. No one, including Doctor, saw the shadows that were gathering.

The Doctor, from his youth, was never one to worry about shadows ahead.

He came up into medicine, from his North Carolina barefoot boyhood, by way of a diploma from a Kansas City "eclectic" medical school, one which was shut by a subsequent "diploma mill" scandal. The "eclectic" theorizers leaned toward herb healing and patients' hope. But Doctor wanted to get along in a bank-account way.

Herb healing was no stepping stone. So presently with a partner he opened up in Greenville, S. C., beneath a sign that said "Greenville Electro Medic Specialists." He and his partner had $10. They got credit at a drug store and at a supply house. The landlord trusted them for rent.

Salvarsan and neosalvarsan—"606" and "914"—were coming in then, and word went out that the itinerants had these remedies of social disease ready for injection at $25.

They did not have those remedies ready, Doctor's partner later confessed. They had colored water. They injected that. They did not do well. The partner went on, to end in a penitentiary for robbery with firearms. Doctor went on, to become a country practitioner in Milford, Kan.

He stayed there from 1917 to 1833, and the state liked him so well that he twice ran for governor.

EACH time he almost won, and in the second try it was rumored he carried three counties in Oklahoma, where he was not even a candidate.

Meanwhile he built a big hospital in Milford, set up a baseball team christened the Brinkley Goats, and began to capitalize on his goat gland transplant.

The idea for the transplant apparently came to him by chance.

A man came to me one day and we got to talking about why couldn't we take the glands out of an animal and put them into a man?" he once explained. "I told him it was biologically impossible, but he said go ahead and do it to him.

"He furnished the animal and I transplanted some glands into him. The results were amazing to me. He said he had been an old man for 16 years, and a year later I delivered his wife of a fine baby boy."

With stories such as that to tell, he was encouraged to put his voice on the air and he got a license to broadcast. With music, he mingled praise for the goat gland transplant, and advice.

"Here is an inquiry from Dresden, Kan. It is signed, Sunflower State. Probably he has gall stones. No, I mean kidney stones.

"My advice to you is to put him on Prescription No 80 and No. 50 for men, also No 64. (These were on sale in drug stores where his nostrums went by numbers). I think he will be a whole lot better. Also drink a lot of water."

He never saw the patient, of course; his prescriptions were useless in a grave disease.

The American Medical Association began to tell the story of his lack of education. The Kansas State Board of Medical Examiners revoked his license to practice. California indicted him for practicing without a license. The Radio Commission refused to renew his broadcasting license and the Federal courts upheld the decision.

DOCTOR did not mind greatly. He always had a rugged resilience. He went bag and baggage down to Del Rio.

There he moved finally into the inevitable Greek tragedy of his last days.

He sued the American Medical Association and its editor, Dr. Morris Fishbein, for defaming him as a charlatan, and lost, and he lost on appeal. His business began to fall below expenses. Creditors crowded him.

Only a year after the pinnacle of his success he faced claims of $1,600,000 in Federal Court and filed a bankruptcy statement listing $16,845 in personal property, six horses, 90 cattle, one cow, six geese, two guinea hens, 40 ducks, 50 chickens and 20 turkeys, all of which were resident not in Del Rio but in East La Porte, N. C.

Malpractice suits had ruined him, his lawyers said. His hospitals were gone. His yachts were gone. The Federal Government said he owed $113,000 in income taxes. Judgments against him mounted beyond $1,000,000.

He kept on fighting. But now it was only feeble shadow boxing. He opened a school for teaching airplane mechanics in Kansas City. Bankruptcy engulfed it.

His heart began to disturb him. A piece of the heart's tissue broke away and blocked a blood vessel in one of his legs. The leg had to be amputated.

One-legged, ruined, exiled from the business world he once had so brashly invaded, he felt the darkness deepening. In May, 1942, it closed in.

Another story about "Medical Hucksters" will appear in The American Weekly next week.

Illustrated by W. C. GRIFFITH

His First Promotion Was Stopped by an Irate—and Soaking Wet—Cop Who Was Rescued by TAD Dorgan, the Cartoonist, From the River Where the Fans Had Thrown Him.

THE MIGHTY MITE—He Makes Them Fight

"You'll Box Him Silly," Albertanti Told Walcott Before His Louis Bout, but Nobody Believed the Man Who Builds Champs With a Typewriter

By Eugene Francis

CAUGHT in a driving rainstorm and slid wound his dark blue overcoat, Francis Albertanti might weigh 120 pounds, all of it events distributed on his frame which measures a level in height.

Yet he has made a living a very comfortable living, for the past 30 years by challenging heavyweight boxing champions to come out and fight, you bum!"

Strangely enough they like him for it! Records should they? He has made fortunes for the title holders by exploiting the challengers, by insuring a capacity attendance at championship fights.

"All I do," Albertanti explains, "is build up the challengers so champions can knock 'em down — sometimes."

He does it with a typewriter and a mimeograph machine in his official capacity as publicity man. He will have no truck with champions on the theory that they don't need publicity, or money. The man who attempts to knock the crown off the champ's corrugated brow needs both.

Francis Albertanti, The Mighty Mite, was born on New York's lower East Side some 58 years ago and he used to say Hello to Al Smith and Big Tim Sullivan the political boss.

Albertanti admits he wasted much of his youth and didn't get serious about the waiting profession until he was 12 years old. That's when he became a copy boy on the old New York Morning Telegraph. He was sports editor of the Mail when he was 21.

While he was a copy boy, Albertanti was in the task of publicizing a fight he saw two heavyweights on the Catherine Street pier, without benefit of the boxing commission.

Just as the two battlers squared off, a policeman stepped between them.

Grabbing [illegible] on the cop into the East River [illegible] Dorgan, one of the famous cartoonist for the Hearst papers, jumped in and fished him out. Wet but determined, the policeman hailed Lee fight and Albertanti was out the $10 wages he had been promised.

The 130-pound Albertanti started his feud with Gene Tunney, the heavyweight champion back in 1922 at Red Bank, N. J., where Tunney was getting ready to meet the ferocious Harry Greb. Unlike most fighters, Tunney used to read the publicity manufactured about himself. One day he asked over Albertanti's mimeographed output and said:

"Young man, you show promise. You are a writer."

Citizens of Red Bank were startled that night when Albertanti did a one-man snake dance down Monmouth street, chanting:

"I am now a writer. The great little guy gent Tunney told me so!"

Several years later when Tunney, the champion, and Jack Dempsey, from whom he had lifted the title met in a return match at Chicago Albertanti did the publicity for the fight. He bet, wisely enough, on Tunney, but his feelings for the underdog came to the front in the seventh round when Dempsey had the champion on the floor for the famous "long count." Albertanti hammered the ring apron with his tiny fists and yelled, in a surprisingly big voice:

"Kill the bum, Jack!"

Tunney glared from his sitting position, got up and went on to win.

Jim Braddock was one of the "underdogs" Albertanti brought home.

"I was up with Jim at his training camp at Loch Sheldrake in the Catskills and I want him to win the title from Max Baer. But everybody, including Jim, figures Braddock does not have a chance.

"The more I talked with Braddock, and watched him work, the more I was convinced he could win if he believed he could. See what I mean?

"Here he was, never a great fighter, on relief, practically, and with a family.

"He figured that he was lucky just to get a shot at the title and pick up enough money, as the loser, to take care of his folks for a few years. But I'm more ambitious."

So Albertanti launched his campaign. He wrote 18 pages about Jim Braddock, "the new heavyweight champion of the world," and sent the copy to the late James Jay Johnston, the promoter, ordering 30 copies.

"You're nuts, Frances," Johnston said. "Who's going to read it?"

Nobody read it until late in the evening of June 12, 1935, and then the sports writers were going through the wastebaskets, looking for the copies they discarded before the fight.

One afternoon at the training camp, Albertanti turned his back on challenger Braddock and reached for the telephone.

He called a New York number at least he acted like he was calling New York, and started talking as follows:

"What's the price on Braddock against Baer, now? Eight to one? Bet me a thousand on Braddock."

After he hung up the receiver, Braddock stood up and shuffled his feet. He cleared his throat. He said:

"Frances, do you honestly think—"

The Mighty Mite drew up.

"Do I think what?" he barked. "Do I think you'll win? Sure, you'll win! You'll kill the big bum!"

It was the only heavyweight title fight since 1910 that Albertanti missed seeing. He hid in Braddock's dressing room, fearing the worst, while the Cinderella Man walked off with the championship.

Last fall, using his typewriter and mimeograph machine, he "built up" Jersey Joe Walcott, father of six children, to the point where Walcott floored Champion Joe Louis twice and won the decision in the minds of most ringsiders, although officials voted for Louis, 2 to 1. Walcott was a 15 to 1 long shot in the betting.

"The long shots win oftener than the favorites," Mighty Mite Albertanti explained. "Look at horse racing. Look at David and Goliath. Of course David had a slingshot, but as long as I've got my typewriter—"

Illustrated by JOHN FLOHERTY, JR.

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*Illustrated at extra cost on Roadmaster models.

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We've never entertained the idea that an automobile is something just to be looked at.

So in spite of the fact that this fashion-plate Buick is the hands-down winner of the season's top beauty awards, we call your attention to the engineering news your Buick dealer has to tell you.

He's now showing 1948 Buicks in ten sparkling models and three series, with the big-value SPECIAL, the sleek SUPER and the regal ROADMASTER each enjoying its own power rating.

He'll show you Fireball power with all its eager surge and lift, now made so velvety smooth you'll check your instruments more than once to make sure your engine's running.

He'll introduce you to the fatigue-free comfort of a Vibra-Shielded ride in which engine sensation becomes almost imperceptible and nerve-tiring vibration build-up is wiped away.

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And on ROADMASTER models he'll show you driving ease that is near magic. In Dynaflow Drive,* he has the first application of an entirely different principle to motorcar transmissions—one that eliminates gearshifting, both manual and automatic.

All told, some 30 new advances make Buick the big word of the 1948 season.

In style and in comfort, in size and in steadiness; in ease and in quiet, in rich finish and brilliant action, it's the big news of the season and the one to see.

Look at it, at your Buick dealer's, and we think you'll find it also the one to order—right now.

*Optional at extra cost on Roadmaster models.

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NORWOOD BUICK CO. 1 Washington Street Norwood, Massachusetts
SMITH BUICK, INC. 1 Main Street Malden, Massachusetts
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NEWTON BUICK COMPANY 321 Washington Street Newton, Massachusetts
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Why is GINGIVITIS a 'SNEAK-THIEF' of beautiful teeth?

4 out of 5

Can Be Victims and Not Even Suspect It!

Are you ashamed to smile because your teeth look dull and dingy? Do your gums lack that greatly desired rosy pinkness?

Remember - beautiful teeth need firm, healthy gums. So don't wait for bleeding gums to warn you. And don't use a product to merely *clean* your teeth. Instead, see your dentist and *start at once*—use 'double-purpose' Forhan's for gum massage and cleaning teeth, too.

This Forhan way is famous to curb bleeding gums and help gums be firmer with an alluring rosy pinkness—to clean teeth to a radiant sparkling cleanness. Be *proud* [illegible]

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Beautiful Teeth Need Firm Gums

Never neglect bleeding gums. This is often the first sign of Gingivitis a common gum inflammation, which neglected often leads to horrible Pyorrhea. Only your dentist can help Pyorrhea. See him. Then at home start *at once* and use 'double-purpose' Forhan's.

Use 'double-purpose' Forhan's

FOR CLEANER TEETH AND GUM MASSAGE

STOP CORNS!

CORNS STOPPED

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Promptly protect sore toes from tight shoes with Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads and avoid stop corns *before* they can develop! But if you have corns—Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads will instantly stop painful shoe friction, lift pressure and quickly relieve corns. Try them!

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Teen-Age Tempest

Where Does Delinquency Start?

By URSULA TROW

IT SEEMS that everyone has his own ideas on why some juveniles become delinquents. **Audrey L. Hublinger** of Passaic, N. J., thinks that many boys and girls get into trouble "because parents pooh-pooh teen-agers' attempts at serious thoughts and conversation. It's all right to discuss politics on the school debating team, but when you try it with dad he says, 'What do you know about politics, and anyway I want to read my newspaper.'"

N. P. Hoff of Billings, Mont., also feels that a great deal of delinquency is the father's fault. "Fathers don't take time to be pals with their children," he writes. "They should go on outings or to ball games together, get to know and like each other."

"Trouble at home is the cause of much delinquency," writes **Elaine Boyd** of Philadelphia. "The father may drink heavily. . . ."

So-called entertainment that glamourizes crime and tough guys is to blame, in the opinion of **Mrs. Thomas Jamanis** of Concord, N. H., and **Bertha A. Borge** of Ocean Grove, Mass.

"Lack of religious training is the cause," says **William McKay** of Girard, Pa. "Children should go to Sunday School from the time they are tots."

Mrs. Lee Roy Sympson of Dallas, Tex., who says she's made a study of "human technology," believes "youngsters turn to crime because they are looking for peace and contentment within themselves. Too often they are mixed up very often because their parents continually quarrel. If a person is mixed up, he will do anything to try to find happiness."

"Children should be taught thrift and economy at an early age," writes **Edna Ludwig** of Kansas City. "Saving pennies and nickels for the things they want gives them a sense of accomplishment."

Frank P. Horvath of Cleveland, Ohio, believes in teaching children self-denial by depriving them of gifts and privileges once in a while to "let them learn early that they can't do, or have, everything they want," he writes.

Bernice Comstock of Ca-

Many People Believe That the Children of Quarreling Parents Are Likely to Get Into Trouble by Seeking Happiness Outside the Home.

naan, N. H., says, "If teen-agers turn to crime for a thrill it's because parents failed to guide them in worth-while pursuits."

Anne Massandrea of Brooklyn, N. Y., says that if a boy who doesn't need the money steals, he's probably spoiled and babied by his parents. Also—and this goes for girls especially—clothes are very important during the teen-age years. Clothes are expensive and many girls are torn between wanting them and not being able to afford them. "They know they shouldn't steal," this writer says, "but their desires overpower them."

Victor Wrobel of Buffalo, N. Y., blames neighbors and civic organizations for juvenile delinquency.

"Neighbors are our potential enemies with their complaints about our athletic activities in the street, because we have no other place to play. And civic organizations? Where are they? Teen age canteens? Out of the question, and there are worse sections of the city than ours."

Why do you think boys and girls get into jams with their parents, the school authorities and the police? And what do you think can be done to remove the causes of this trouble? Write your letters to the Teen-Age Editor, The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Boy's-Eye View

DID you ever wonder how the boys feel on the subject of that good-night kiss? Do they expect it? Do they consider it their due for taking a girl out? Do they respect a girl more who doesn't kiss?

Well here's a letter from Tyrone Cheyanne of Summerville, S. C., who writes, "If it weren't for the few girls and I mean few—in the U. S. who have the manners and good sense to say No because they don't want to kiss every Tom, Dick and Harry I would already have lost my faith in American girls.

"Don't get me wrong," he adds. "I'm no prude, and I know my way around. I can truthfully say that I can have my pick of 30 girls—and the one I go with steady is the one that took me three months and 12 dates to kiss."

Can it be that Grandma was right when she played hard to get?

When baby's bad temper means "Childhood Constipation"

. . . give Fletcher's Castoria!

"It's the laxative made especially for infants and children."

WHEN your baby frets and fusses . . . when she's cross just because of "Childhood Constipation" . . . it's wise for you to do this:

Give her Fletcher's Castoria. It works thoroughly and effectively. Yet it's so gentle, it won't upset her sensitive digestive system.

Why It's Right for Children

Unlike adult laxatives—which may be too harsh—Fletcher's Castoria is specially made for children. It contains no harsh drugs, and will not cause griping or discomfort.

And Fletcher's Castoria has such a pleasing taste that children really love it. They take it gladly, without any struggle.

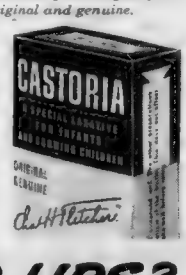
• • •

***Get Fletcher's Castoria** at your drug store today. Be sure you see the green band and the Charles H. Fletcher signature on the package, then you will know that what you are getting is the original and genuine.*

Chas. H. Fletcher

The original and genuine

CASTORIA



CHAPPED LIPS?

that's a job for "Comfy" and "Minty"

the MENTHOLATUM TWINS

Quick MENTHOLATUM

● When biting raw winds cut lips, leave them dry and cracked and so painful it even hurts to smile—quick! call for soothing Mentholatum, containing comforting Camphor and minty Menthol. These two famous fast-acting ingredients gently help soothe tender lip skin, quickly revive dried out "thirsty" skin cells, help them retain needed moisture. Soon smarting pain leaves, your lips feel softer, smoother—you smile again. Get soothing Mentholatum today—and always keep it handy.

ALSO RELIEVES HEAD-COLD STUFFINESS, CHEST-COLD TIGHTNESS, NASAL IRRITATION

A woman's face is her Passport to the world

See a woman like Penelope Dudley Ward, and you thrill to a little electric shock of pure pleasure. Her face so echoes the warmth and beauty of her inner self, the world takes her to its heart on sight.

Your face can be a magnet—drawing others close to the real You within. There is nothing so revealing of *You* as this face you show the world. And nothing about you has more lovable possibilities—if you will but realize them.

Save out of each day the few minutes your face needs to keep it beautifully cared for—so your skin will speak for you with that limpid, *so clean* look that seems almost luminous. Hard to achieve? Not one bit—if you practice beauty's self-disciplines faithfully. For *real* beauty cleanness the "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment with Pond's is one you'll take positive pleasure in doing, because your face emerges prettier, rosier, gloriously refreshed.

You try it! You'll see!

PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD—her lovely face, so *lighted* from within, stirs you, warms you. She is a daughter of two of England's famous families—Dudley and Ward.

New "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment

ACTS ON BOTH SIDES OF YOUR SKIN

ALL that is *You* is in your face—for all the world to see. That's why it means so much to make this face of yours say lovely things about the inner you, things that people will want to remember.

A New Face Treatment

Like a window—your skin has two sides and to care for one side only is *not enough*. Pond's, consulting with distinguished dermatologists, has studied the needs of facial skin and brings you a special new "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment that acts on both sides of your skin *at once*.

From the Outside the perfectly blended oils of Pond's Cold Cream cleanse thoroughly as you massage—carry off surface dirt, make-up, dried skin particles—throw a protecting veil of softness over your skin.

From the Inside every step of this Pond's face treatment stimulates circulation to beauty-giving activity—speeds up tiny blood vessels in their work of bringing in skin-cell food, carrying off skin-cell waste. Your face looks rose tinted, *alive*.

Twice each day—better still three times—give your skin this stimulating new Pond's "Outside-Inside" Face Treatment—*this is the way:*

Hot Water Stimulation

press face cloth, comfortably hot and wet, against face—to stimulate blood flow to skin.

Two Creamings—to "condition" skin

1) ***Cleanse*** . . . work Pond's Cold Cream thickly over warm, damp face and throat. Circle briskly. This demulcent Pond's treatment sweeps dirt from pore openings. Tissue off.

2) ***Rinse*** . . . with new fingerfuls of Pond's Cold Cream massage briskly to rinse off last traces of dirt. Tissue off.

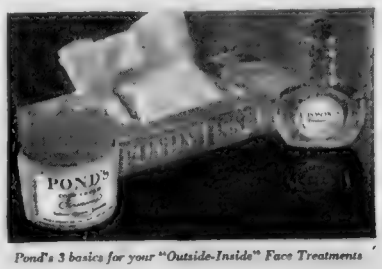
Cold Freshener Stimulation

A cold water splash, then pat on the tonic astringence of Pond's Freshener.

Now—see the lovely difference in your face. It has new *cleanness*—new *softness*—new *color!* You'll find this new Pond's face treatment most rewarding. Here at last is a beauty routine you'll practically *never* skip—because it *works!*

Always, always remember . . . the YOU that others see first is in your face

To develop the beauty of your own face is not vanity. Every effort you make to improve your physical self gives a lift to your spirit, bolsters your confidence, makes you a more interesting, more lovable person—someone others feel happy to be with.



Pond's 3 basics for your "Outside-Inside" Face Treatments

CASE OF

By Peter Levins

KATHRYN GEBHARDT PERRY stared at her find, an unmailed post card, and wondered what it signified.

"What has this man been up to?" she asked herself.

By "this man" she meant the non-self supporting, work-abhorring charmer she had met and married earlier in that year of 1930.

She meant George W. E. Perry, who, when she wearied of giving him money, had left her Cleveland home in May to visit "a rich aunt in Chicago," and suddenly reappeared in mid-July.

He came back with a nice car and two suitcases of feminine clothes. And this unmailed card, which she found in an apron pocket.

"After all, what do I know about him?" she mused. "He was a stranger when I married him, and he's even more a stranger now."

After only the briefest sort of acquaintance, Kathryn Gebhardt, a prosperous dress designer had married the fine-talking, fascinating Perry in Chicago on Jan. 3. Upon their return to Cleveland, he settled down to enjoy his bride's income. Soon this began to annoy her.

"What did you do for money before you married me?" she inquired. "You talk big—very convincingly, in fact—but when are you going to start doing something that might bring in a little money?"

He laughed indulgently, and replied that he had some irons in the fire, never fear.

But eventually he realized that his welcome had worn thin, so he packed a bag and departed for Chicago. Supposedly he had long been his rich aunt's favorite relative.

Just whom he visited in Chicago, and what his activities were, Mrs. Perry had no means of knowing. He came back, quite without warning, after some eight weeks, wearing the air of an erring husband coming home to turn over a new domestic leaf. She did not receive him with open arms.

"Where did you get the car?" she asked. "And whose clothes are these?"

He had replied, "They are gifts from my dear Aunt Cora. The clothes, of course, are for you."

She did not know whether to believe him or not. Whenever he got on the subject of Aunt Cora, there seemed to be discrepancies in his accounts. But there could be no questioning the sincerity of his distaste for work.

After explaining that "business interests" required his presence in Texas, he drove away in the car, leaving the feminine clothing which Mrs. Perry had no impulse to use.

However, once he was out of the house, she did have an impulse to examine the contents of the suitcases.

That was when she found the post card.

SENT from a resort in northern Wisconsin, it was addressed to a Mrs. W. H. Rogers in Chicago and signed "Cora Belle."

Mrs. Perry got Mrs. Rogers on the phone and told her story. Mrs. Rogers, it immediately developed, also had something to talk about.

"I never heard of any Aunt Cora," she declared, her voice registering alarm, "but I do know that he recently married a good friend of mine named Cora Belle Hackett!"

This was the substance of Mrs. Rogers' story:

Cora Belle, 42, had been twice widowed. Her first husband was Charles F. P. Pullen, a Milwaukee banker, and her second had been Chauncey Hackett, a Chicago secret service operative. Of late, she had been earning about $300 a month as a subscription saleswoman for the Chicago Art Institute.

Late in May, Cora Belle noticed a classified ad in a Chicago paper, inviting a middle-aged woman companion to share expenses on an automobile trip to California. It appeared that the ad had been inserted by a woman, but when Mrs. Hackett answered it, going to the Y.M.C.A. hotel as the ad suggested, she found not a woman but a suave, conservatively dressed man.

The man was Perry.

On the Long Walks in the Woods, Perry Had Carried a .22 Rifle. "I Hope to Knock Off Some Furry Animals and Have a Muff Made for Cora Belle," He Explained.

He talked fast and persuasively. Apparently Cora Belle was captivated by him.

He told her, Mrs. Rogers continued, that he was the son of a well-to-do family, and that his mother lived in France.

That his relatives were beginning to worry about him because he had failed to marry and settle down.

That they were trying to cure him of his spendthrift ways by clamping down on his allowance.

He mentioned two maiden aunts in Pasadena, Calif., who were only waiting to hear of his marriage before naming him heir to $300,000. He had decided to take the fateful step, he confided; now it was only a question of finding the right woman. If he were to find the right woman his allowance would be restored.

IN THIS and other meetings, Perry had described the homes his mother maintained in California and Newport, R. I., and he mentioned that he himself owned a modest estate in England.

Within a few days of the first meeting, Cora Belle had confided to Mrs. Rogers that she intended to marry her fascinating new friend.

Despite Mrs. Rogers' uneasy, half-spoken objections, Cora Belle gave Perry $500, disposed of her furniture, dismantled her apartment, packed all her belongings in suitcases, and then married Perry on June 13.

They were married by Superior Judge Sterling Pomeroy, the same official who had married Perry and Kathryn Gebhardt the previous January!

They drove off in Cora Belle's tan-colored car.

"Tan-colored!" exclaimed Mrs. Perry. "Good

Illustrated by DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

THE *Unmailed Post Card*

heavens, he must have been driving her car when he returned here last month!"

Mrs. Rogers agreed this must have been true.

After her long-distance conversation with Mrs. Rogers, Mrs. Perry gave further deep thought to the situation, then dispatched a letter to Mrs. Rogers in which she said:

"From your revelations over the telephone, I have an entirely new aspect of Mr. Perry. I believe he has got his living in the past by preying on women of means, or supposed means.

"As it now appears, his career is too sinister to be overlooked. I urge you to make an earnest effort to trace Mrs. Hackett."

BUT the police of Illinois and Wisconsin, with whom Mrs. Rogers quickly got in touch, couldn't see much to get excited about.

Cora Belle, they felt, would contact her friends in Chicago again in her own good time.

In those days of liquor wars and gang willings, no doubt the police reasoned that they had enough to do without looking for a vanished bride.

However, the authorities would certainly have shown interest had they known the following facts: Five days after the wedding, Perry and Cora Belle headed for a tourist resort in northern Wisconsin he had previously visited—and not alone. The resort was in the Lac du Flambeau Indian reservation, and was operated by Mr. and Mrs. Houston W. Parker.

When they arrived on June 22, Mrs. Parker observed that Cora Belle was not the same woman who was his companion the year before. She asked him if this was "the wife from Milwaukee" and he replied, "No, I divorced her in Mexico."

Mrs. Parker accompanied the newlyweds on various trips, once to Copper Falls, again on a shopping jaunt to Minocqua, and on other drives.

COME the evening, Perry would sit on the porch with Cora Belle, and sing to her and tell stories. Mrs. Parker knew him to be an extremely entertaining conversationalist.

Sometimes they went dancing, other times they took long walks in the woods.

On the walks, Perry carried a .22 rifle, borrowed from Parker.

"I hope to knock off some furry animal, and have a muff made for Cora Belle," he explained.

On Sunday morning, July 6, the newlyweds went off in the car. Three hours later, Perry returned alone. He informed the Parkers that he and Mrs. Perry were leaving. They had met friends in Minocqua. Cora remained with the friends while he returned to settle accounts and pack.

Perry packed very hurriedly. He stuffed his wife's things into the suitcases any which way.

Just before he drove away, he returned the rifle to his host. "A good gun," he remarked.

However, it appeared he had shot no animal.

• • •

As related, the police exhibited only a casual interest in the whereabouts of Cora Belle. But they showed keen interest in the whereabouts of George Perry after Oct. 6.

That was the day an Indian trapper found Cora Belle's body in a shallow grave near the Parker place. She had been shot in the back of the head.

Sheriff G. L. Carter of Vilas County, Wis., had posters prepared which read:

WANTED FOR MURDER
$500 REWARD

Arrest GEORGE W. PERRY, alias Jiggs Perry, 39 years, 5 ft. 6 in., 165 lbs., stout build, smooth face, brown hair turning gray, partly bald on top, cataract in right eye, two gold teeth in upper front jaw, smooth shaven, heavy growth of black hair on body, exceptional muscular development, small hands and feet; ordinarily is a good dresser and usually wears a cap; pleasing, well-mannered personality. Wanted for the murder of Mrs. Cora Belle Hackett, July 6, 1930, at Lac du Flambeau, Vilas County, Wis.

To the left of the suspect's description were two photos, one showing him wearing a cap, the other bare-headed; and samples of his signature.

PERRY'S background, as gathered by the police, was as follows:

He was born in Milwaukee and spent most of his adult years as a railroad brakeman. He married Mary Nickels, a factory worker, and they had three children.

After an accident destroyed the sight of one eye, he became a railroad detective. He delighted in romantic fantasies, often speaking of rich relatives in glamorous regions.

Early in 1929, he began receiving numerous letters in feminine handwriting. When his wife became curious, he warned her, on pain of death, never to open any of his mail.

She obeyed, but later on, after he deserted her, she opened a trunk and found more than 500 letters, most of them with photo attached.

Perry had been investing in matrimonial ads.

In June, 1929, he and Mary drove to the Parker resort for a vacation. In August, after their return to Milwaukee, he left home, saying he planned to look for some sort of decent job.

In the ensuing months, he married and defrauded Elizabeth Morrison of Harrisburg, Ill.; married Kathryn Gebhardt and married and murdered Cora Belle Hackett.

Within a month of the murder, he made the acquaintance of Lida Downey in El Dorado, Ill., and after the usual brief but effective courtship, married her at Carmi, Ill., on Aug. 16.

With this fresh helpmate, he drove to St. Louis, and within the next two months acquired two more brides.

These additional brides were Miss Dorothy Davis, a 21-year-old brunette whom he met in Blytheville, Ark., and Mrs. Harriett Milligan of Belleville, Ill. He got $150 from Miss Davis in the form of a loan, leaving the tan sedan as security.

He never redeemed the car because it was in Blytheville and he was in St. Louis when Cora Belle's body was found.

Coincidentally, the discovery at Lac du Flambeau occurred on the same day, Oct. 6, that he married Mrs. Milligan.

Some months passed without development.

Then, on May 19, 1931, Inspector James E. Johnson of the San Francisco police department, picked up a detective magazine and began browsing through its pages. He encountered a reproduction of the poster Sheriff Carter had broadcast. Then he sought out Inspector Richard Hughes.

"This guy Perry looks like that fellow we had in here a few weeks ago as a witness in an auto accident. Remember?"

HUGHES remembered—and agreed.

(Police officers had missed Perry by a matter of minutes in St. Louis. However, they found Mrs. Downey and Mrs. Milligan, and in his hotel room they found a letter which led them to Dorothy Davis and Cora Belle Hackett's car.

They also turned up a woman living in University City, Mo., who identified a picture of Perry as a man who had proposed marriage to her and was to return that day for her answer.

With the discovery of the body, Perry had fled west, dropping the name he had used in seven marriage ceremonies. He had used the new name in taking his eighth bride, a black-haired Spanish woman named Louise Guiterrez.)

"My name is Moran, not Perry," asserted the suspect, who seemed to answer every detail of Sheriff Carter's description, including his well mannered personality. "I have never been in Wisconsin, and I most certainly never killed anybody."

BUT, though he sounded convincing, the San Francisco authorities held him in custody.

Presently Sheriff Carter's successor, Tom McGregor arrived, accompanied by Houston W. Parker.

"Hello, Mr. Perry!" Parker greeted.

"Okay," the prisoner told McGregor. "I'm your man. I married Mrs. Hackett, but there is one thing I wish to add. I didn't kill her."

• • •

He was tried at Eagle River, Wis. Circuit Judge C. M. Davison's courtroom became a magnet for vacationists.

Perry got lots of attention, and he delighted in it. While the state piled up an impressive case against him, he continued to beam on the crowd.

On the witness stand, he told this story:

Pretending to Cora Belle that he expected to receive a sum of money from a wealthy aunt, he went with her on the morning of July 6 to the telegraph office in Minocqua and asked if the money had arrived.

When he was told it hadn't, Cora Belle accused him of having no rich aunt.

At this juncture, a couple with whom Cora had been well acquainted entered the picture.

Their names? Er—as a matter of fact, he couldn't remember their names.

However, she announced her determination to leave him, and this couple had agreed to drive her back to Chicago.

He testified:

"Cora turned to me and said, 'I want to ask you one question. Have you an aunt?' I said I hadn't. I also told her that I was married to Geb in Cleveland.

"Then Cora told me that there was nothing for her to do but leave me. She suggested that I return to the Parkers and pack up. She refused to go with me, saying that she preferred to remain in Minocqua with her friends."

He testified that he saw Cora again in Minocqua, where she said to him:

"I'm in an awful jam. Here you are married and have a wife, and I'm married and haven't got a husband. I'll forgive you because I think it's as much my fault."

After that, he continued, she took two pieces of baggage, but told him to keep the car and give the rest of her clothes to Geb in Cleveland.

"She started out of the car," he related. "I asked her for a kiss. She said it wouldn't be right. I liked Cora Belle, so I begged her for a kiss. Finally she agreed and we kissed.

"I never saw her again."

IN REBUTTAL, the state called Mrs. Michael Dever, wife of a retired Chicago police sergeant, who testified that on the morning of July 6th she saw Perry, rifle in hand, near the spot where the body was subsequently found.

The state also called employes of the Minocqua telegraph office, among others, to testify that they had seen neither Cora Belle nor Perry on that fateful Sunday morning.

In his closing address to the jury, Prosecutor O'Melia branded Perry as "a monumental liar."

He called Perry's defense a fairy story. He asserted that the friends Cora allegedly met in Minocqua "existed no more than his rich aunt and wealthy mother, the mythical creatures he employed in wooing his wives."

The jury took the case late the afternoon of July 31. The verdict, quickly agreed upon, was "guilty as charged."

Judge Davison sentenced him to Wisconsin's extreme penalty: life imprisonment.

Next week Peter Levins will tell another story from the Album of Famous Mysteries.

You Hear Strange Things About Catholics

Yes, you can hear some strange things about Catholics.

You hear it said that Catholics believe all non-Catholics are headed for Hell... that they believe non Catholic marriages are invalid.

Some think Catholics believe the Pope is God... that he can do no wrong... that they owe him civil allegiance and that he should have the political power to rule America.

It is said that Catholics want religious freedom only for themselves... that they oppose public schools and separation of Church and State as evils which should be destroyed.

The claim is made that Catholics pay the priest for forgiveness of their sins... that they must buy their departed relatives and friends out of Purgatory... that they adore statues... are forbidden to read the Bible... use medals, candles and holy water as sure-fire protection against the loss of a job, lightning or being run down by an automobile.

But what is worse, some say, Catholics corrupt the true teachings of Jesus Christ with the addition of pagan superstitions and practices that are nothing less than the inventions of the devil.

If all these things or any of them—were true, it would be a pity. For at least one out of every six Americans is a Catholic and it would be a national tragedy if one-sixth of all Americans entertained such erroneous ideas.

The Knights of Columbus is an organization of 700,000 Catholic men of reason and intelligence. In our ranks will be found statesmen, scientists, historians, physicians, movie stars, lawyers, educators and others representing every cross-section of American life. And for each and all of them loyalty to the Catholic Faith is the act of a reasonable man.

We are deeply interested in the welfare of our Church and our Country. And we believe the interests of both will be served best when fair-minded people know the Catholic Church as it is—not as it is sometimes mistaken to be.

If you have heard and believed any of these false claims, and want the truth, we'll gladly send you a free booklet which explains many aspects of Catholic belief and practice concerning which people are commonly misinformed. Write and ask for Pamphlet No. 1-N.

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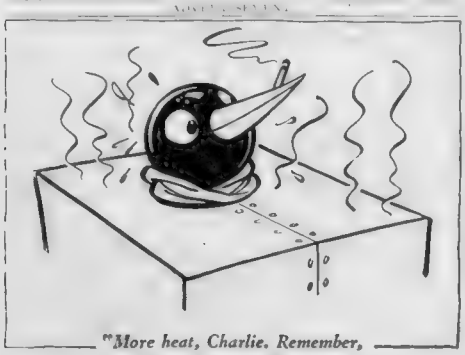
Read Amy Alden's Recipes For

Winter Dinners Hearty and Good

On The Household Almanac Page



"More heat, Charlie. Remember, I'm smoking a Kool."

When a buddy's throat goes dry, offer him a Kool to try!

P. S. Get refreshing Kools for that clean, Kool taste in your mouth!

Self-Made Zombie

A YOUNG man walking through the cemetery at Brantford, Ontario, the other day suddenly stopped and blinked his eyes.

A few feet ahead of him in the figure of a man stretched out on top of a grave, eyes closed, hands crossed on his chest, his head resting against a gray marble tombstone.

The Man on the Ground Explained That He Had Been Dead for 10 Years.

As the young man stared, the figure on the grave stirred, then slowly opened its eyes.

"I'm—I'm sorry," said the young man, stuttering with relief. "—I thought for a minute you were that is, you looked..."

The man on the grave sat up and nodded his head. "Yup, I'm dead, all right," he said. "Been dead for ten years."

He pointed to the tomb stone. "See that," he said "—see, it says Joseph Ohannesian, died 1937. That's me. That's when I died. I'm a zombie, that's all. No soul. My body didn't die, but my soul's gone."

He shrugged and laid down again after first reaching over to pull up a weed growing at the base of the tombstone.

"I like to try it out once in a while," he said, looking up at the young man and crossing his hands across his chest again. "The rest of me will be here, too, before long."

JOSEPH says that he died after an operation in 1937, and that's when he lost his soul. Of course, since his body persists in going on, it continues to demand sleep and food and drink and he pampers it to that extent. But he feels he's just sort of marking time.

Several weeks ago Mr. Ohannesian reached his 51st birthday—and the 10th anniversary of his "death"—but he didn't celebrate.

As he puts it, the birthday of a dead man or the anniversary of his death could hardly be considered cause for celebration by the man himself.

Being a zombie is a pretty dreary business in many ways, he feels. There's not much future in it, for one thing.

Meanwhile, he keeps his grave in good shape, occasionally puts flowers on it—and enjoys better health than many a man who gets a kick out of being alive.

"Soaping" dulls hair—Halo glorifies it!

Yes, even finest soaps and soap shampoos hide the natural lustre of your hair with dulling soap film

● Halo contains no soap. Made with a new patented ingredient it cannot leave dulling soap film. ● Halo reveals the true natural beauty of your hair the very first time you use it, leaves it shimmering with glorious highlights. ● Needs no lemon or vinegar after-rinse. Halo rinses away, quickly and completely! ● Makes oceans of rich, fragrant lather, even in hardest water. Leaves hair sweet, clean, naturally radiant! ● Carries away unsightly loose dandruff like magic! ● Lets hair dry soft and manageable, easy to curl! ● Buy Halo at any drug or cosmetic counter.

Reveals the Hidden Beauty of Your Hair!

For FAST RELIEF, help feed famished muscles with fresh blood!

● Oh! how muscles can *ache*... after unaccustomed exercise! But don't take that stiffness and lameness lying down. Get busy... rub on Absorbine Jr.!

Sore muscles are often *famished* muscles. Your extra activity has burned up their nourishment. Rubbing on Absorbine Jr. helps *speed the local circulation*. Fresh invigorating blood supplies fresh nourishment... tired muscles loosen up, feel limber again! Ah... what grand relief!

Ask your druggist today for Absorbine Jr., for over 50 years a famous formula of rare medicinal herbs and other scientifically chosen ingredients. $1.25 a bottle.

W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

Chest Cold Misery Relieved by Moist Heat of ANTIPHLOGISTINE POULTICE

SIMPLE CHEST COLD
SORE THROAT
BRONCHIAL IRRITATION
SIMPLE
SPRAIN, BRUISE
SORE MUSCLES
BOILS

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If you feel run down, and colds hang on—maybe you don't get enough natural A&D Vitamin food. Then try good-tasting Scott's Emulsion the HIGH ENERGY FOOD TONIC! See how you begin to get your strength back! How you can fight off colds! Scott's is a "gold mine" of *natural* A&D Vitamins and energy-building natural oil. Easy to take. Economical. Buy today at your drug store.

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Moran Shoe Co., Carlyle, Ill.

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If you have never used an astringent the New **Saxolite Astringent Cream** will give you a thrill that you will enjoy. Also a powder base that will please.

Sold at Cosmetic Counters Everywhere.

FACE COVERED WITH BLEMISHES

Miss B. Green, Box 361, Davis, Okla., writes: "For three years my face was covered with large pimples caused by an external condition. I decided to try Cuticura Soap and Ointment. After using them for three weeks I was greatly relieved; and now my skin is as smooth as a baby's." For FREE Ointment sample, write Cuticura Dept. A-202, Malden 48, Mass.

Letters to the Editor

IN YOUR article "Haw Tabor's Silver Empire," you mentioned Central City, Colorado. At one time, it was a race between Denver and Central City, when gold was first discovered, as to which would be the leading city.

Last summer my husband and I spent two days in Central City, and were thoroughly enchanted with it. Most of the town has been restored as it was about 100 years ago. The Silver Dollar and Last Chance saloons still have the air of an impending gunfight. Perhaps the most interesting spot is the old Teller House, with the famous "face on the barroom floor" still distinguishable.

Mrs. W. A. Rogers
Winston, W. Va.

• • •

We really enjoyed your story of "Dillinger and the Woman in Red." It shows clearly how great a threat crime is to our freedom from fear, and that criminals are always caught in the end.

My father's mother was a grand-aunt of Herman Hollis, who was killed while he was serving as an F.B.I. agent by Dillinger and his gang.

Raymond Kelleher
Forest City, Pa.

• • •

I am a minister of the Gospel and I should like to have copies of your articles published under the headings "My Faith" and "The Destiny of Man."

Rev. Lloyd E. Ellis
Church of Christ
Upland, Calif.

(The Reverend Mr. Ellis has been sent the articles he requested—Ed.)

• • •

I was born in 1894. My father read the San Francisco Examiner at that time, and it has been our family paper ever since. The Examiner was mailed to me, even in France, where it often arrived in bundles of several days' issues. I can't remember when I haven't been reading the Examiner and The American Weekly—but I think I'm safe in saying 50 years, for, even though I could not read until I was five, I looked at the pictures before that.

A. B. Krueger
Santa Cruz, Calif.

• • •

I enjoyed reading your recent story about the Seven Sutherland Sisters. It brought back to me the memory of the day in 1894 when I saw them in a Brooklyn drug store, displaying their unusually long, beautiful hair, and demonstrating their hair tonic and special coarse-tooth combs. I bought one of their combs—for $1 at the time—and still have it. I use it every day and it's still in good condition.

This memory made your story all the more interesting to me. It's sad to think that all their success and wealth ended so abruptly with nothing.

Mrs. Gussie Jones
Alexandria, Va.

• • •

I am deeply grateful for your series entitled "Enchanting Romances of King Arthur's Court," as told by John Erskine and illustrated by Willy Pogany.

I am a sophomore at New Haven High School, and "Geraint and Enid" helped me tremendously. Congratulations on being my favorite, and the most educational magazine I know.

Catherine Panko,
Northford, Conn.

• • •

The American Weekly is what everyone in our house leaps for as soon as we get the Sunday paper. The few times that we didn't get it we sure were lost. Would it be asking too much to have more cover pictures by David Wright? I think his covers are the best, and I have a collection of them.

Alverna Welsh,
Haselton, Pa.

• • •

(A new David Wright series starts soon.—Ed.)

• • •

You granted our author, Mr. E. L. Wright, permission to reprint three of your stories, "Heroic Little Hearts," "Dog Story De-Luxe" and "Colleges for Canaries" in our book, "Read Awhile."

We wish to join Mr. Wright in thanking you again for your kind permission, and are enclosing a copy of the book.

Hilda Mills,
The Economy Co.,
Educational Publishers,
Oklahoma City, Okla.

• • •

Being unmarried, I could appreciate your story "Look Before You Leap." This title I will take as my motto.

H. V. Daniel
Cairo, Ga.

In writing to The Editor, address him care of The American Weekly, 63 Vesey Street, New York 7, N. Y.

Enchantresses of the Ages

JEANNE DE VALOIS was a beautiful and daring swindler, whose noble blood enabled her to operate in the inner circles of the court of King Louis XVI of France. Among her victims were Queen Marie Antoinette, Cardinal de Rohan, and her own husband, who lost his life for helping in one of Jeanne's bold schemes.

John Erskine tells the story of this blue-blooded adventuress in next week's American Weekly. This is the first of a series on beautiful schemers of history entitled "Enchantresses of the Ages." Each story will be accompanied by a full-color cover—posed by a famous movie star — painted by noted artist Henry Clive.

Don't miss "Grand Scheme of Jeanne de Valois" in the next issue of this magazine, with a cover featuring Betty Grable as the enchantress who swindled the Queen of France.

• • •

IF your love is based on mutual likes and dislikes, your chances for a happy marriage are good.

If, however, you are counting on love at first sight, or moonlight and roses, you stand to lose.

That's the verdict of Dr Ernest W. Burgess, Professor of Sociology at the University of Chicago, who recently completed a 10-year study of 1,000 couples. His pre-marital forecasts, based on questionnaires, largely came through.

If you're married—or planning to be married—you will want to read the important article, "Will Your Marriage Last?" next week.

DATE and NUT ROLL

Chill and serve—no cooking!

Make it the day before!

A magic dessert made with EAGLE BRAND!

DATE and NUT ROLL

½ cup Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk
2 teaspoons lemon juice
2 cups (½ pound) vanilla wafer crumbs
1 cup finely chopped dates
½ cup chopped nut meats
Confectioners' sugar

Blend Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk and lemon juice. Add vanilla wafer crumbs. Mix well. Mix dates and nut meats. Sprinkle flat surface with confectioners' sugar. Lightly roll or pat crumb mixture on sugar into 8 or 10-inch rectangle. Spread with date mixture. Roll as for jelly roll. Wrap in waxed paper. Chill 6 to 8 hours. Slice and serve with hard sauce or whipped cream. Makes 8 servings.

It's so quick and easy to make exciting desserts! And you know they'll always come out just right—when you use Eagle Brand, the *original* Sweetened Condensed Milk! A smooth *ready-to-use* blend of creamy-rich whole milk and sugar. Made to Borden's high standard of quality.

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PERRY COMO AND JO STAFF

Definitely the Supper Club is 4-bell entertainment
Jimmie Fidler, Famous Columnist

The best argument I know in favor of the 15-minute show is the Chesterfield Supper Club, a smooth and relaxing 15 minutes which goes down at the shank of the day as easily as a martini.
John Crosby, Radio Columnist New York Herald-Tribune

Perry Como is one of my favorites and the Chesterfield Supper Club is fine entertainment.
J. Edgar Hoover, Director of F. B. I.

With Stafford and Como, the Club just has to be great!
Sammy Kaye, Celebrated Orch. Leader

The ABC's of big league entertainment — Como, Stafford and Godfrey!
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We're delighted that the Supper Club is Radio's top rated musical 15 minutes.
Niles Trammell, President—NBC

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"Arthur Godfrey... the freshest voice on the network air."
Newsweek Magazine

Godfrey's program is positively grand.
Merle Oberon, Star of RKO's "Berlin Express"

We at CBS are tremendously pleased that Arthur Godfrey is proving to be the friendliest voice in America.
Frank Stanton, President—CBS

When the old lassitude sets in, I don't take sulphur and molasses —I take Godfrey!
Robert C. Ruark, Scripps-Howard Newspaper Columnist

Arthur Godfrey is the Huck Finn of Radio.
Fred Allen, Great Radio Favorite

THRU FRIDAY ★ ★ CBS—FIVE DAYS A WEEK—MONDAY THRU FRIDAY

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. . . How Good Hot, Crisp

CORN BREAD

Tastes After You Make It ONCE!

After that first delightful change from ordinary breads, bet you'll rely on crusty corn bread *often* to make even a simple meal seem "special." (It's so *thrifty*, too!) Make it up in BIG batches without tear of left-overs. For corn bread is every bit as good-tasting (imagine!) reheated next day—or *toasted* for breakfast.

EASIEST, FASTEST HOT BREAD TO MAKE... Recipe on Package

Besides the famous Quaker Corn Bread recipe . . . there are other meal-brightening (and thrifty!) corn meal recipes on that Quaker Corn Meal package. Quaker Corn Meal (yellow or white) is milled "*spoil proof*" from choice, water-washed corn. Its purity and freshness are protected by "stay-fresh" packages! So when you buy, ask for the *best*!

EVERY KERNEL WATER WASHED FOR PURITY!

Quaker

Enriched, Degerminated

CORN MEAL

(YELLOW OR WHITE)

Household Almanac

Amy Alden

Spiced Just Right, a Golden Brown Pumpkin Pie Is a Perfect Dessert With a Cold Weather Dinner.

WINTER DINNERS HEARTY AND GOOD

MAIN dishes like these are the perfect way to satisfy the keen appetites brought on by crisp days. You'll like them, too, because they are prepared without too much fuss.

The baked corned beef with mustard and the roast lamb shoulder with a well seasoned stuffing are main stays for two substantial oven dinners. The mixed grill dinner is one of those quickies that just hits the spot when time is short and appetites are good. You can place the tomato slices, potatoes, and steak sandwiches all under the broiler to brown, and they will be ready to eat in a matter of minutes.

Two old standbys are boiled beef with horseradish sauce, and New England boiled dinner. When you serve either of these it would be well to figure on having some left over to serve next day.

Baked Mustard Corned Beef

3½ lbs. corned beef brisket
2 bay leaves
6 peppercorns
Whole cloves
2 tbsps. fat or salad oil
1 tbsp. mustard
⅛ cup brown sugar
5 tbsps. catchup
3 tbsps. vinegar

Wash beef, cover with cold water; add bay leaves and peppercorns; bring to a boil. Boil 5 min.; remove scum; cover; simmer 4 hrs., or until tender. Remove to shallow baking pan. Dot with whole cloves. Combine remaining ingredients; cook until blended, stirring. Pour over meat; bake in moderate oven of 350° F. 30 min., basting occasionally. Serves 4, leaving enough to make corned beef hash.

Roast Lamb Shoulder Spanish Stuffing

¼ cup minced onion
3 tbsps. fat or salad oil
2½ cups soft bread crumbs
2 tbsps. chili sauce
1 tbsp. chopped parsley
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
4½ lbs. boned shoulder

Cook onion in fat until soft, but not brown. Combine with bread crumbs, chili sauce, parsley, salt, and pepper by tossing all together lightly. Fill lamb shoulder cavity with this stuffing and sew edges together or secure with toothpicks. Place on rack in an uncovered roasting pan and roast in oven of 325° F. for 45 min. per lb. or until tender. Serves 8.

Mixed Grill Dinner

Cut 4 tomatoes crosswise. Spread with horseradish; sprinkle with salt and sugar. Broil 10 min.; place in bottom of oven. Broil Grilled Potato Slices and 5-Minute Steak Sandwiches together.

Grilled Potato Slices

4 small potatoes boiled in jackets
2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine
½ tsp. salt
⅛ tsp. pepper
Chili powder (optional)

Cut potatoes in half lengthwise. Lightly score cut surface. Brush with butter. Sprinkle with salt, pepper, and lightly with chili powder. Broil without turning, 7 min., or until golden-brown. Serves 4.

5-Minute Steak Sandwiches

½ lb. chuck beef, ground
2 tbsps. rolled oats
½ cup milk
2 tbsps. minced onion
6 slices thinly sliced white bread
2 tbsps. butter or margarine
Prepared mustard
Salt, pepper

Combine first 4 ingredients. Toast bread on one side in broiler. Spread untoasted sides with 1 tbsp. butter, and mustard, if desired; completely cover with beef mixture. Spread 1 tbsp. melted butter over tops. Broil 4 min. for rare; 2 to 3 min. longer for well-done. Sprinkle with salt, pepper. Serves 6.

New England Boiled Dinner

4 lbs. corned beef brisket
6 pared medium potatoes
6 pared medium carrots
1 pared yellow turnip or 6 medium-sized whole white turnips
1 medium cabbage

Wipe off the corned beef, cover with cold water, bring to a boil, and boil 5 min. Remove scum, then cover and simmer until tender, allowing about 4 hrs. Forty-five min. before completion of cooking, skim all fat from the stock, then add potatoes, carrots and yellow turnip cut into pieces. Cover and cook 15 min. Then on top of meat and other vegetables, lay the cabbage, quartered and cored. Cover and continue cooking 30 min. Beets may be cooked separately to serve with the corned beef. Serve the corned beef on a large platter, surrounded with the vegetables, arranged with an eye to color.

For next day's lunch red flannel hash is good after a boiled dinner, especially with the beets for color.

Boiled Beef With Horseradish Sauce

3 qts. boiling water
1 bay leaf
6 whole cloves
2 cloves garlic, peeled
1 small onion, sliced
2 stalks celery
2 tbsps. vinegar
2 tbsps. granulated sugar
2 tsps. salt
4 lbs. lean brisket beef

Combine water, bay leaf, cloves, garlic, onion, celery, vinegar, sugar, and the salt in a large kettle. Cover, and boil for 30 min. Add beef. Cover, and simmer 4 hrs., or until meat is tender, replenishing water with boiling water if necessary. When meat is done, remove; slice, and arrange on a hot platter. Serve sauce in separate dish. Serves 6.

For leftovers next day the boiled beef is good sliced or in croquettes.

Horseradish Sauce

1 tbsp. butter, margarine, fat or salad oil
1 tbsp. flour
1¼ tsps. salt
½ cup drained, bottled horseradish
Dash pepper
1 cup milk

Melt butter in top of double boiler. Blend in flour, salt, horseradish, and pepper. Add milk gradually, while stirring, and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Serve with boiled beef.

Spicy Pumpkin Pie

½ tsp. salt
1¼ tsp. cinnamon
1 tsp. ginger
Dash nutmeg
½ cup boiling water
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup light brown sugar
1½ cups canned pumpkin
1⅔ cups evaporated milk

Combine salt and spices. Gradually stir in the boiling water. Add spice mixture and brown sugar, pumpkin, evaporated milk to eggs. Mix well. Pour into unbaked 9" pie shell and bake at 425 deg. F. for 15 min. Reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and bake for 40 min. Cool thoroughly out of drafts. Serve with whipped cream flavored with ½ tsp. vanilla and 1 tbsp. sugar.

Amy Alden may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 19, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

SEND FOR THESE CHARTS!

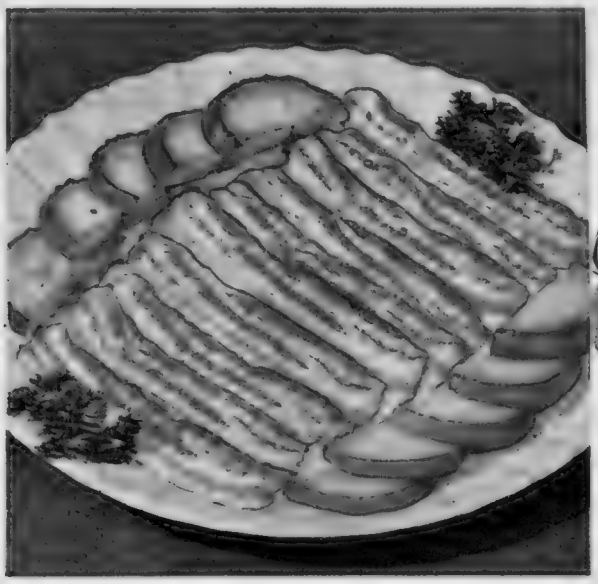
Mark the charts desired; attach to a sheet of paper with YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, plus a three-cent stamp for EACH. Address: Women's Service Bureau, The American Weekly, Box 382, Church Street Station, New York 7, N. Y.

ALMANAC RECIPES

(60) Gaylord Hauser Diet
(61) Famous Recipes
(62) New England Recipes
(63) Candy Recipes
(64) Quick Hot Breads
(65) Pancakes and Roll-Ups
(66) Oyster Recipes
(67) Waffles Tonight
(68) Eggs for Every Meal
(69) Let's Eat Fish
(70) Casserole Recipes
(71) Quickly Prepared Meals
(72) Favorite Mexican Recipes
(74) Pareing Recipes
(75) Almanac Bread & Rolls
(76) Coffee Cakes; Doughnuts
(77) Favorite Hebrew Recipes
(78) Favorite Almanac Cakes
(79) New Cakes
(80) Desserts and Sweets
(81) Favorite Pie Recipes
(82) Pies and Pastries
(83) Favorite Soup Recipes
(84) Meat for Family Meals
(85) Stick-to-the-Ribs Dishes
(86) Delicious Vegetables
(87) New Vegetable Recipes
(88) Almanac Potato Recipes
(89) Popular Salad Recipes
(90) Salads and Dressings
(91) Almanac Cookies
(92) New Cookies
(96) Children's Party Recipes
(99) Delicious Chicken Recipes
(100) Buffet Party Dishes
(101) Luncheon Fillers
(102) Favorite Puddings, Sauces

Brighter Breakfasts!

HURRY ON DOWN, cherubs. . . Dad's right behind you! There's bacon for breakfast—a treat to be treasured these days. So cook it with care, relish every morsel, and *above all,* make sure it's *Swift's Premium* (America's favorite bacon, you know). That tantalizing *sweet smoke taste* is the savory, flavory way to spark the brighter breakfasts that nutritionists tell us active minds and bodies need.



CAREFUL COOKING SAVES WASTE: Place slices of Swift's Premium Bacon in cold frying pan. Don't overcrowd. Cook slowly; turn often to cook evenly. Drain on absorbent paper. For crisp bacon, pour off fat as it accumulates, and save for future use. Serve with unpeeled apple slices dipped in brown sugar and fried in bacon fat.

YOU START THE DAY BRIGHT when you start with Swift's Premium Bacon. It's rich in wide-awake food energy, and so easy to digest that the tiniest tots thrive on it. Everybody in the family loves the tender-crisp, every-time goodness of Swift's Premium Bacon, the famous *sweet smoke taste,* the always dependable quality. That's why America actually *prefers* Swift's Premium Bacon to the next 25 brands *combined!*

Swift's Premium Bacon

with the sweet smoke taste!

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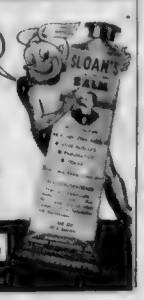
"hasn't scratched yet!"

New SLOAN'S BALM proved far more effective than other Leading Balms!

for COLDS, too... its soothing vapors relieve congestion double quick!



New SLOAN'S BALM relieves much *faster* . . . penetrates *deeper* . . . gives *longer-lasting* relief! Far more effective than other leading balms and rubs tested! Clean, pleasing aroma. For generous trial tube, send your name and address plus 10¢ to cover postage, to: Standard Laboratories, Inc., Dept. 501, 113 W. 18th St., New York, N. Y.

SLOAN'S INSTANT BALM
Made by SLOAN'S—Famous Name in Pain Relief

The Epicure

PYROHY

By DONNA GRESCOE

SOMEHOW, the strings on my violin always appealed to me more than those on my mother's apron. Even before I became a teen-ager, I spent more time at the parlor piano than near the kitchen stove. But there was one special dish my mother made that I just couldn't resist. When its delicate aroma reached the parlor, music for the time being lost its charms. I'd stop playing, lay my violin gently down and run to the kitchen to "help." I doubt if mother called it that, however. The dish is a Ukrainian one called "pyrohy." It's good to look at, wonderfully tasty and not too difficult to prepare.

Being a national dish, there are, of course, many variations to the recipe, but I am passing along to you the one that has been handed down in our family.

Donna Grescoe, Brilliant Young Canadian-Born Violinist, First Attracted Attention in Music Circles When She Was 8 Years Old. Her Hobbies Are Writing and Dancing.

Pyrohy Dough

Sift the flour and salt. Add beaten egg and enough milk to make a fairly soft dough—about the consistency of bread dough. Cover and let stand in a warm place for ten minutes, then roll out thin like pie crust. Cut into small squares about 1½" or 2", and in the center of each square place a little filling.

Filling

½ lb. cottage cheese mixed with one beaten egg and seasoned with salt and pepper.

There are several alternative fillings, such as:

Chopped meat

Chopped nuts sweetened, moistened with cream.

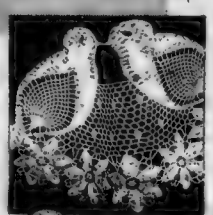
Apricots and chopped blanched almonds.

Mashed potatoes with finely chopped onion

Plums and cherries.

Fold the squares into triangles, pinching edges well together, then drop into boiled salted water. Boil steadily for four or five minutes. Then strain and drop into frying pan with onions browned in melted butter. When triangles are lightly browned remove and place in large casserole. Serve sprinkled with buttered bread crumbs or sour cream.

Pattern Round-Up



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3876—Designed to flatter your figure with a peplum that dips to a swallowtail back. Sizes 12-20. Size 16, 3¾ yards 39-inch fabric.

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Just send your name and address. Specify white or black in two giant spools for only $2.98. On arrival, deposit only $1.49 per spool ($2.98 for two spools) plus C.O.D. postage on our guarantee. If you are not delighted, you can return in 10 days and your money back. Limit one order per customer. Supply limited amount available. Write Today.

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PRIZE WINNERS *Announced*

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Miss Roberta Teasdale
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SECOND PRIZE $3,000
Mrs. Charles R. Alasker
R. 3, box 184, Hopkins, Minn.

THIRD PRIZE $1,000
Mrs. Audre B. Thompson
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In This Issue Doris Denison Gives You Tips on Dyeing Fabrics.

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Radiant Locks Need Special Care

By Sally Young

THIS column has never recommended that anyone resort to coloring the hair, and as a matter of fact, many people prefer to keep theirs the way nature made it regardless of whether it is typed or not. On the other hand, a great many girls and women, fully aware of all the risks involved, do resort to artificial coloration. They find at once that it isn't the initial cost but the upkeep and they run into many problems.

Caution

Many states have laws demanding that beauty shops administer the "patch test" to prospective customers before applying hair dye. Many hair dyes contain paraphenalendiamine. Some people are so allergic to the poison of this dye that their skin may break out with scabs which are difficult and slow to heal. Other people are so allergic to this poison that they have suffered lasting effects from it.

The laws of some states provide a penalty in case the beautician fails to make the patch test. This test consists of applying a small amount of dye to a small portion of the skin, covering it with an adhesive patch, and waiting for at least 24 hours to discern an unfavorable reaction.

Dyeing and bleaching mean regular visits to the beauty parlor for touchups. But you wanted that color, didn't you? You wanted the lift it gives your spirits; the admiring eyes that turn your way? Now, granted the color is an improvement at least as far as looks are concerned, let's talk about the condition of your hair.

Lubricate

BRITTLE ends, loss of sheen and all the other ills of dyed or bleached hair are generally due to dryness. So start off with an oil bleach or dye. If this is not feasible for the color you want, have regular oil treatments.

Take special care in choosing the right permanent wave for your hair. Bleached or dyed hair should be permanented with special creme or oil lotions and permanenting time should be cut almost in half.

Home Care

BRUSHING and scalp massage are a must for artificially colored hair to work up circulation and distribute natural hair oils along the hair shaft.

If you shampoo your bleached or dyed hair at home, use a bland shampoo. Follow the shampoo with a creme rinse. Dry the hair with a rough Turkish towel. Before putting the hair up in pin-curls, touch the ends with a little hair pomade.

Split Ends

SPLIT hair ends are often caused by wetting the hair and putting it up in pin-curls nightly. But this need not be if you'll do it correctly.

One beauty house suggests that you do not wash the hair too often, for fear of destroying its natural oils. They suggest, instead, that you use a lotion for cleaning between shampoos, applying the lotion to the scalp nightly and brushing it through the hair with upward strokes. The hair and scalp are kept clean this way, making it unnecessary to shampoo as often.

For one thing, don't wet the hair every night in order to put it up. Brush it thoroughly first. Then go into your bathroom, close the door and let the water for your bath run. While the tub is filling, put your hair up, touching the ends with pomade before rolling it up. Take your bath, leaving the pin-curls uncovered. The dampness in the room will be sufficient to curl your hair, making it unnecessary to run a wet comb through it.

After the bath wrap a bandanna around your head and sleep on it. Next morning, with aid of brush and comb and a touch of brilliantine, you should have soft, springy curls.

Sally Young may be addressed at The American Weekly, Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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- ☐ (8) 7-Day Diet
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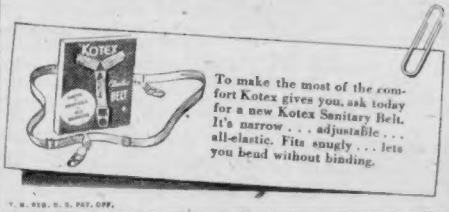

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

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Hi-speed PRESTO Cooking reduces the amount of meat shrinkage as much as 25%. Less expensive cuts of meat are cooked to delicious tenderness, not in hours, but in mere minutes. For example: (with cooking temperature reached) *a 4 lb. rump or chuck roast is ready to serve in 35 minutes; ham shanks in 35 minutes; flank steak in 25 minutes, etc.*

Imagine a tough old rooster becoming succulent in 35 minutes! That's just what happens when it's PRESTO Cooked! And, PRESTO Cooking of all poultry adds to their eating enjoyment, and makes them safer for storage

Inexpensive combination dishes, such as spaghetti and macaroni casseroles, stews, cheese and vegetables, prepared in a PRESTO COOKER are highly taste-tempting and nutritious.

PRESTO Cooked vegetables, ready to serve in a fraction of ordinary cooking time, retain more of their natural vitamins, minerals, food flavors and colors, thereby giving you more nutrition value for your food dollars. *Peas, asparagus or spinach are ready to serve in 1 to 2 minutes; broccoli or carrots in 2 to 3 minutes; sweet potatoes in 6 to 7 minutes, etc.*

Soups supreme . . . even those made with "leftovers" . . . are ready to tempt lagging appetites in a "jiffy". Highly nutritious PRESTO Cooked soups are kind to your food budget.

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And, don't forget the economy that home canning makes possible . . . the processing of fresh foods at the height of the season for out-of-season enjoyment. The United States Department of Agriculture and other leading food authorities recommend pressure canning as the only safe method for processing non-acid foods, including vegetables, meat, fish and poultry.

REMEMBER, all pressure saucepans are not PRESTO COOKERS! Be sure to look for this name plate when you buy . . .

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Now available in sets of 2 or 3 or in individual units

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Yes, PRESTO Cooking saves food, saves food bills. It saves up to 300 kitchen hours in a single year. It saves more of the natural food vitamins, minerals, food flavors and colors. It saves cooking fuel costs. In short, it makes cooking a pleasure!

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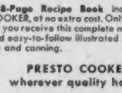
5-10-15 pound Indicator-Weight, for safe pressure canning, as well as hi-speed cooking. It tells you exactly how much pressure there is in the cooker at all times. All foods cook at same temperature. No guessing!

Combination anti-vacuum valve and over-pressure plug prevents excessive loss of food juices while cooker is being cooled.



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"My Presto Cooker helps me Save Money on my food bills because . . ."

Finish the above sentence in 25 additional words or less. One thousand and Fifty-Four (1,054) prizes, with a total value of 20,950.00 will be paid for the best letters submitted, in the opinion of the judges. You can win one of the 54 CASH AWARDS or you can win one of the 1,000 "Companion" PRESTO COOKERS. No labels to send. No facsimiles. Here's all you do.

FOLLOW THESE EASY RULES:

1. Finish this sentence in 25 additional words or less: *"My Presto Cooker helps me save money on my food bills because . . ."* Write your complete sentence on an official "Save Money On *Your* Food Bills" contest entry blank . . . These may be obtained wherever PRESTO COOKERS are sold.

2. Print plainly your name and address. MAIL TO PRESTO, BOX 201, EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN.

3. This contest is subject to all federal and state regulations. Any resident of the continental United States may compete, except employees of National Pressure Cooker Company, members of their advertising agencies, and their families.

4. Entries will be judged for originality, sincerity and aptness of thought. Correctness of grammar, while desirable, is not important. Judges' decisions will be final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in case of ties. No entries will be returned. Entries, contents and ideas therein become the property of National Pressure Cooker Company.

5. ALL ENTRIES MUST BE POSTMARKED BEFORE MIDNIGHT, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 31, 1948. PRIZE WINNERS WILL BE NOTIFIED BY MAIL.

To help you be a winner in this contest, read in this advertisement, how PRESTO COOKERS pay for themselves 10 to 20 times over in a single year. See your PRESTO COOKER dealer. Have him tell you what wonders PRESTO COOKERS perform in the saving of food bills. Act now! Get your entry in as soon as possible!

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NUTREX
MUST HELP OR YOUR MONEY BACK

Out of the DYE POT

By Doris Denison

INTO the dye pot go old or faded draperies, tablecloths, bedspreads, sheets, and dresses; out come rejuvenated fabrics in decorator shades, which can be redesigned into useful pieces. Mix them, match them, or do over a whole room in graduations of the same color.

The full skirt of an old evening dress becomes a vanity table flounce or a swag overdrape across the top of a window. A slip which is now too short to wear with longer dresses will cover twin lampshades. The good portions left from a worn sheet, dyed a bright shade, are perfect for making seat pads for straight chairs.

Dyeing Tips

FOLLOW directions on the package carefully.

Use the type of tint or dye recommended by the manufacturer for the kind of material you are using. Dyes are available which can be used on synthetic fabrics and mixtures.

Be sure fabric is clean before dyeing.

To tint dark fabrics a light color, remove the old shade first with a special color remover.

Unusual shades can be obtained by mixing two dyes together. Blend them first in a small receptacle and then add to a large container of water, and proceed as usual.

Directions will usually give "recipes" for making these new shades. Here are a few suggestions: Mix peach and pink to get dusty pink; wine with a little purple to get fuchsia; dark brown and rust for copper.

Tie Dyeing

IF YOU like to use your imagination to create unusual effects, try your hand at tie dyeing. This does not necessarily mean dyeing ties. It is a fascinating craft which involves tying the pattern you want off into sections before dyeing.

You might start off by monogramming some napkins made from old tablecloths or scraps of unbleached muslin.

Make a cardboard pattern of any letter you wish to use, and trace it off lightly on the corner of each napkin. Remove pattern, and outline the letter with small running stitches. Draw up the stitches tightly and dye the entire napkin in the usual way. When the stitches are removed, the monogram will stand out undyed.

You can work out many color combinations by dyeing the whole napkin a light shade first, tying off the design, and dyeing again using a darker color.

Use this same method for making designs and borders on scarfs, skirts, aprons, dresses, curtains, or tablecloths. Small round circles are easily made by tying marbles tightly into the cloth with thread.

Doris Denison may be addressed at The American Weekly, P. O. Box 191, Grand Central Annex, New York 17, N. Y. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope.

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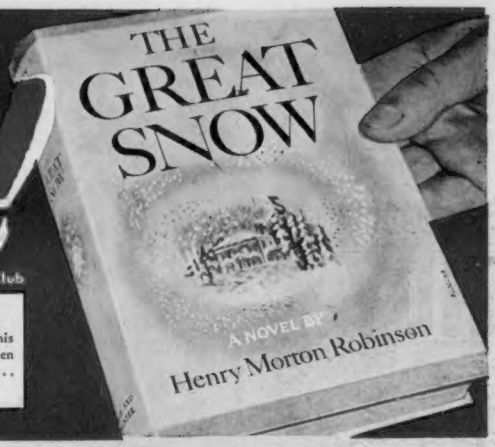

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